THE EPISTLES

Geo. More OF

Clio and *Strephon*,

BEING

A Collection of LETTERS

That paſſed between an *Engliſh* Lady, and an *Engliſh* Gentleman in *France*, who took an Affection to each other, by reading accidentally one another's Occaſional Compoſitions both in Proſe and Verſe.

STRE. *Nec Niſi* TU noſtris *Cantabitur* ULLA *Libellis*
Ingenio *cauſas* TU *dabis* UNA *meo.*
Ovid. *L.* 2. Eleg. 17.

CLIO. NOS *quoq; per totum* pariter Cantabimur *Orbem*
Junctaq; *Semper erunt* NOMINA NOSTRA *tuis.*
Ovid. *L.* 1. Eleg. 3.

EDIT. *Tantum ſe* VOBIS ELEGI debere *fatentur*
Quantum VIRGILIO *nobile* debet EPOS. *T. W.*
Ovid. Remed. Amor.

LONDON:

Printed for J. HOOKE, *at the* Flower-de-Luce *in* Fleet-ſtreet; F. GYLES, *againſt* Gray's-Inn *Gate in* Holborn *and* W. BOREHAM, *at the* Angel *in* Pater-Noſter Row, 1720.

THE EPISTLES

OF

Clio and Strephon,

BEING

A Collection of LETTERS

That passed between an *English* Lady, and an *English* Gentleman in *France*, who took an Affection to each other, by reading accidentally one another's Occasional Compositions both in Prose and Verse.

STRE. *Nec Nisi* TU nostris *Cantabitur* ULLA *Libellis*
Ingenio *causas* TU *dabis* UNA *meo*.
Ovid. *L.* 2. Eleg. 17.

CLIO. NOS *quoq; per totum pariter* Cantabimur *Orbem*
Junctaq; semper erunt NOMINA NOSTRA *tuis*.
Ovid. *L.* 1. Eleg. 3.

EDIT. *Tantum se* VOBIS ELEGI debere *fatentur*
Quantum VIRGILIO *nobile debet* EPOS. *T. W.*
Ovid. Remed. Amor.

LONDON:

Printed for J. HOOKE, *at the* Flower-de-Luce *in* Fleet-street; F. GYLES, *against* Gray's-Inn *Gate in* Holborn *and* W. BOREHAM, *at the* Angel *in* Pater-Noster Row, 1720.

TO
Sir RICHARD STEELE, *Kt.*

SIR,

IT is certainly the main Business, and ought to be now the Care of Writers, who pay the least Pretence to sound Sense and good Manners, before they dedicate Books, to examine well who are the Patrons they would Address, and what are the Performances they would recommend, for fear their Judgment and Behaviour should be argued of Impropriety and Indecency, if there

was apparently too great a Disproportion between the Value of the Works, and the real Quality of the Persons to whom they were offer'd. How ought I then duly and naturally to weigh and consider, even with a religious and scrupulous Regard, whether the Value this Work bears in itself, is perfect Standard, and dignifies it so substantially, as that I may, without committing a Sin in Judgment or Manners, make a Present of it to the politest Man of an Age so polite as this; to a Gentleman, whom Nature has fashion'd bright from his Infancy, and form'd to be truly Great, and to be justly Admired.

Sir, I was unwilling to determine, within my self, upon so critical a Question. The following Sheets have been perused and allow'd to be singularly valuable, by several, whom publick Fame has long settled in the firm Possession of the happy Character they deserve, of being Men of polite Letters and distinguish'd Judgment. And truly, Sir, when they had unanimously agreed, that the following Epistles were written with greater

Spirit

Spirit and Vigour, with more Wit, Humour, and Delicacy, than even those Collections published, either in our own or the French *Language, which have met with the most universal Approbation; they then likewise as unanimously Voted, that they ought of mere Right to be dedicated to you, whose Excellence in every kind of Writing has made you be generally and justly styled, the* Delight of Mankind.

I took, I must confess, incredible Satisfaction at first in this Consideration only, that it had fallen to my Lot to be the Editor of a Book, which, I have so much reason to believe, will administer a Pleasure truly elegant to all its Readers; but I was even overjoy'd and transported, when I found the Publishing of it would give me a fair and proper Occasion of paying to you, Sir, whom I have scarce ever had the Honour of seeing, my most grateful, my most hearty, (and if you will pardon the Familiarity of the Word) my most affectionate Acknowledgments, for the great Improvement I and many of my

Friends

Friends have made in your moſt inſtructive Company in your Quality of an Author, and for the vaſt and frequent Delight, with which we paſs'd every Day, for ſome Years together, in ſuch your agreeable Acquaintance and amiable Converſation. I have had many ſecret Wiſhes for ſuch an Opportunity before, of paying you theſe Debts of the Mind, under my own Hand; and I know a great many Men of Ingenuity will envy me the preſent one I have. For what is it a Man, that has a Love for the liberal Arts, and takes an honeſt Pride in a liberal Education thinks, lays him under ſo great an Obligation, as the friendly Hand that conveys into him new Knowledge, and acquaints him with the Documents of Life. But now I have this Opportunity, I freely own I dare not make uſe of it, in the manner I intended; nor own my Name, nor who I am, when I recite my Obligations, and the Inſtruction and Pleaſure I take in your Writings; for it would be a Task which not many Men of Modeſty would venture upon, to write an

Epiſtle

Epiſtle to Sir Richard Steele, *that was to appear before the Publick, and where the juſt manner of reliſhing Sir* Richard Steel's *Performances was to be the Subject.*

But then, as I am an Editor, and keep my Name conceal'd, I am more at my Liberty to ſpeak my Sentiments fully and without Fear or Reſerve; for by this means I can't offend your Modeſty, by ſaying what you may think too much, nor be openly condemned by the World, by ſaying too little on ſo fruitful a Subject. By this means I avoid the Reproaches I ſhould meet with, for my Vanity and Preſumption, when I endeavour to diſplay the Good, which the Morals laid down in your Volumes have done in the World, which would almoſt require as much Oratory as the Author was poſſeſs'd with, that gave us thoſe Volumes in a Style, *that is a perfect Model of Engliſh Eloquence. For I can truly ſay, that as no Body is well able to give* Tully *a due Commendation for his* Offices, *but a* Tully *himſelf, ſo no* Body *can give you due Applauſe for the*

Tatlers,

Tatlers, Spectators and Guardians, *but one that has got a Genius and a Spirit like your own. The* Romans *owed a great many Obligations to that illuſtrious Orator. The* Engliſh *are indebted for as many to you: And if the Fame of having done meritorious Deeds with regard to a whole Nation, of improving the Minds of a whole People, and advancing among them all the Sciences and all the Virtues can yield a real Satisfaction to a good and wiſe Man; you, Sir, above all the Perſons I know, have abundant Cauſe of Satisfaction. This, Sir, is not the fulſome Praiſe of a Dedicator to you; I ſpeak no more than what is the ſincere Opinion of a very judicious Writer (I mean Major* Pack) *where writing in order to direct a fine young Gentleman his Friend in the Choice of the beſt Books,)* A critical Eſſay upon Study, *he delivers himſelf thus upon the Head of Morality.*

Morality (ſays he) treats of what is *Fit*, what is *Decent*, what is *Commendable* in this World. It maketh *Vertue* the

Effect

Effect of *Wiſdom*, and *Happineſs* the Reward of *Virtue*. The Ancient *Heathens*, both *Poets* and *Philoſophers*, have left behind them many admirable Monuments of their *Wit* and *Learning* upon this Topick. The *Satires* and *Epiſtles* of *Horace*, are an Inſtance of one Kind, and the Offices of *TULLY* are eſteem'd a Maſterpiece in the other. *THEOPHRASTUS*, *EPICTETUS*, *ANTONINUS* and *SENECA*, are held in univerſal Veneration. Theſe have all been Naturaliz'd, and taught to ſpeak our Language. After theſe reverenc'd Names of Antiquity, I will take leave to mention the Moderns of our own Nation who have *EXCELL'D* in *this Way*, and inſinuated their *Inſtructions* in the moſt *Familiar* and *Delightful* Manner; I mean the Authors of the *TATLER*, *SPECTATOR*, and *GUARDIAN*.

Thus, Sir, you ſee the publick Fame I ſpoke of is not attributed to your Merits,

by the oſtentatious Eloquence of a flattering Dedication, but by the cool Judgment of an accurate Critick, who was not directing his Diſcourſe to you, nor in Favour of you, but commended your Works as the moſt excellent in their Kind, according to the Sincerity of his Opinion to his Friend, who was to reap all the Benefit of his Recommendation by reading them.

You have ſome Enemies, who ſay out of Malice, what you of Juſtice and Modeſty ſay of your ſelf; that you had Companions, who aſſiſted you in the daily Diverſion and Inſtruction, which you gave the Town, in the Papers which bore thoſe Titles; and appear mighty angry that, when you did them as much good as you could your ſelf, you let others of a like Genius join with you, that more Profit and Entertainment might be adminiſter'd to the Town, than could be poſſibly derived from the Head of any one ſingle Man breathing: And thus in order to make that appear, which would eaſily be granted them, viz. that you are no more than Man,

they

they make themſelves much leſs. But they go further, and would attribute ſo much Fame to each Aſſiſtant, that they would take all from the Principal. If you had envy'd your Coadjutors ſo much, how ſhould we know you had any? They want not theſe People's Praiſe, they have yours, which will remain, when all that theſe Detractors write will be heard of no more. You was the firſt Author of that kind of Writing: You gave us even their Works, and we owe them to you; they that merited any Praiſe merited it thro' your Name, and let 'em receive it thro' your Name, as Rivers deduce their Waters from the Fountain Head.

In what Seaſon, State or Vocation of Life have not your Moral Precepts been of Uſe?

How many old Men owe you the Tranquillity and Serenity of Mind, which they have taught themſelves by Degrees, by being made in Love with that Virtue of Patience which you recommend to them, and by being ſhamed out of thoſe Peeviſh-

neſſes and Infirmities, which you have repreſented as the two uſual Attendants of old Age, and which you have acted ſo much to the Life, in your Humorous way of perſonating an old Man, when you was in the Glory and Vigour of your Years. How many large Families, that have grey and ancient Maſters, are to praiſe you for the Gentleneſs *of that Temper which reigns over all their Houſes, and for the ſweet* Eaſe *and* Quiet *enjoy'd by thoſe, who are happily ſubject to pay an agreeable Obedience to ſuch good Heads of Families.*

And as you have given the good Humour Natural *to Youth, as a valuable Preſent to Men, whoſe Tempers have been ſowr'd by Age; ſo have you made the young Men an ample Amends, by tranſplanting ſome of the Branches of Prudence, which in Times before, receiv'd their Growth only from old Age, to the Garden of Youth; where by your Skill you have made that Plant, which naturally delights in Coolneſs, take Root and flouriſh in a Soil ſo warm. You have in*

other

other Places, mark'd out the Rocks, the Shelves, and the Syrens, which thoſe, who are juſt ſetting out in the Morn of Life, muſt expect to meet with, in the early Part of the Voyage, and you deter them from being Shipwreck'd among them; becauſe you recommend them with a ſweeter Voice to the really pleaſant Road of true Wiſdom, that is Virtue, the End and the Reward whereof is Happineſs; than the ſmooth tongu'd Syrens themſelves can boaſt of, who would ſeduce them with their bewitching Voices, into the ſeemingly but falſely pleaſant Road of Levity, Folly and Vanity, the End and the Puniſhment whereof is Miſery and Perdition. You have made many Heirs, who perhaps, if they had not read you, would not have been Inſtructed or Guided either by any Divines or their Tutors; proper Tutors (as I may ſay) even while they were Beardleſs, over themſelves.

Many are the young marry'd Couples, that are Happy, whom I, with my own

Ears

Ears have heard read over those Rules of Conduct with the greatest Pleasure imaginable, which you recommend to Persons in that State; and whom with my own Eyes, I have seen, wear in their Faces an open and worthy Pride, when they boasted of each other's being living Examples of your Rules; and they have seem'd to express a beautiful Sense of Gratitude for you, as the finest Family Companion, and as if the frequent Perusal of your Lectures kept fresh and alive within them reciprocal Love, and excited and preserv'd in their Breasts a glorious Emulation, which should exceed the other in the strict and kind Observation of those Duties, which if (I may be allow'd the Expression) Imparadise that State.

How sweet a Sight it is, to behold Parents and their Children, Brothers and Sisters, Friends and other Relations, whenever they Err against the Rules of your Essays, blush, as soon as they are put in Mind of their being declared Erroneous by you, and recovering with Modesty, and paying a

Veneration

Veneration to the Maxims you preſcribe, and acknowledging your Dictates to be the Dictates of Wiſdom? How fine a Thing to ſee covetous Parents over-rul'd by you, reſtrain themſelves from diſpoſing of their Children in unhappy Matches, merely for Intereſt, quite counter to their Inclinations, and the young People on the other Hand, making Choices that pleaſe the old People, and intermingling Diſcretion with their Loves.

Thoſe, that are prime Miniſters, may Learn from thence, more than they can from Matchiavel, *that to be conſummate Stateſmen, they ought to be honeſt Men. Thoſe whoſe Fortune it is to lead their Lives in the Sun-ſhine of a Court, where Youth and Proſperity too often make 'em vain, are taught how to lay aſide the Glare of Vice, and they may learn inſtead of it how to ſhine in the Pomp of Virtue, (not to receive an exterior Blaze and Glitter from the Court, but add new Luſtre to it, and adorn it by being Members thereof: Citizens are*

Inſtructed

Instructed how they may Flourish in their Several Professions with Justice, and their Magistrates how to take a due Care of the Administration of it. The Persons who delight in a Country Life, from the Noble to the Peasant, may inform themselves how to improve their harmless Recreations by Day, and Evening Conversations, and how to enjoy, with a more sensible Satisfaction, their Native rural Innocence.

Thus, Sir, Persons of all Sexes, of all Ages, and of all Professions, who have read your Works, are obliged to you by an Eternal Tie of Gratitude; and the more wise a Man you are, you must take the more Satisfaction in viewing how profitable you have been to your Fellow Creatures.

For, what I here say to you are no Praises of mine, they are not the Works of Invention (as most of the present fulsome Dedications are) they are Praises that naturally arise to you from the daily Practice of all these Classes of People, who are wise enough to Copy your Precepts in the Actions

of

of their Lives, and afterwards only grate-fully acknowledge and applaud their Pre-ceptor and Benefactor, from whom they derived so true a Taste of Happiness. I have been an Eye-witness, and seen your Works, upon all the Occasions I men-tioned above, produced in many wise Fa-milies, and quoted in many very witty As-semblies (whose Wisdom all others, if they don't, should, for their own sakes, desire to be esteemed to imitate) and allowed by them as so many Domestick *and* Social Laws, *which ought to guide them in all the moral Actions of Life, and by which they ought to be governed in every part of Oeconomy.*

Give me leave, therefore, to observe to you (what you your self ought to take a decent and becoming Pride in) that it is hard to determine, whether, when the World was growing depraved and degene-rate in its Manners, your reviving the moral Laws amongst us with so much Force (mayn't I say, since the Generality

yielded to their Force?) with ſo great a Power and Authority of Genius, was not as laudable an Action as the enacting of thoſe civil ones, which were preſcribed to uncivilized and ſavage Mankind by the firſt illuſtrious Law-givers.

They taught Cities and Nations to live in publick Peace *and* Harmony, *and free from* publick *Vices for fear of* publick *Puniſhments. You teach every private Family in Cities and in Nations (for your moral Laws are tranſlated into, obſerved, and venerated in foreign Languages) to live free from* private *Errors, and to enjoy the greateſt Tranquillity upon Earth, a* private *Tranquillity in their own Boſoms, the Teſtimony of a good Conſcience. Sir, where you have done ſuch an univerſal Good to Mankind, you muſt not ſuffer your Modeſty to refuſe the Praiſes due to your Merit; for I will take leave to tell you, that true Fame is an Object worthy of the moſt earneſt Deſires of the greateſt Genius living. Tully, your other ſelf in Genius,*

tho

tho' he lived at such a distance of Ages ago (but greater, I believe, will be the Distance of Time before a third Tully arises) owned in such beautiful Lines, as were enough to procure him his Wish, that he thirsted after an Immortality of Fame; and as you are in Genius and Merit like him, be like him also in your Nature and your Desires. I frankly own, that I wish I could do for you of my own accord, what Lucceius was desired to do by Cicero, write your History, and record your Fame, which will probably last to Posterity only in your own Writings, for want of such another Genius to pen your Story. But I here own I am not ashamed of being incapable to make a proper Panegyrick of a Man, whom all, that are his Readers, daily praise more and more with their Mouths and in their Practices, and the Fame of whose Merits will be consigned from every private Family to the other, that succeeds it thro' all future Ages. Yours is not only to be a posthumous Glory, you taste

it, while you live, from the general Conſent of Mankind, except a very few Zoili, *who ſatisfy their Tongues, when they itch with the Venom of more than ordinary Detraction, by venting their Envy and their Malice againſt you. But contemning them,*

Sume Superbiam quæſitam meritis.

And your juſt Motto will be,

Exegi Monumentum ære Perennius.

For Envy is nothing but a Sorrow at other Mens Good, and a repining at their Happineſs. This is certainly one of the Vices that moſt predominates in the World, and often does the moſt Miſchief without making any Noiſe. Its chief Aim is to perſecute good Men, and ſuch as are eſteemed for their Virtue, Wit, and other commendable Qualities. However ſeveral learned Men have very properly called Envy Juſt, *not that any Crime can be really*

ſo

ſo in its ſelf, but becauſe it is it ſelf a Puniſhment to him that has it, and ſo far does Juſtice on him. For there is an excellent Sentence of one of the learned Antients (I think it is Aulus Gellius) *which comes home to the preſent purpoſe, with regard to you, and thoſe that envy you. If you have had any Trouble in the Performance of a virtuous Action, the Trouble ſoon paſſes away, and the Virtue remains; but if they have taken any pleaſure in committing an evil Action, the pleaſure is ſoon over, and then there is nothing left but the Filth of it.* Cicero *had as many and greater Enemies than you, and one (*Mark Anthony) *I hope more fatal than you will ever meet with: It is the ſame Caſe now between you and others on the Stage of Life; the only Difference is, the Names are not the ſame: Juſt as the Comedies of* PLAUTUS *and* TERENCE *are the ſame now as they were above a thouſand Year's ago, tho' the Players are changed.* Cicero *was envied becauſe he*

was

was great; and would you be great like him, and hope not to meet with Envy like him? Would you enjoy what was never enjoyed before? For as where there is no Light, there is no Shade; ſo where there is no Virtue, there can be no Envy. Let me tell you therefore what I would have you, and what I believe you do enjoy: Enjoy, Sir, the Envy of all the malicious Criticks, as much as you do the Praiſes of all the Good and Ingenious; for that will advance your Glory in the end as much as theſe.

Sir, after having thus ſpoke to you my juſt and ſincere Sentiments, tho' a Stranger to you any otherwiſe, than as you have been ſo great *an* Orator *for the* Publick Good *of your Readers, I ſhould now ſpeak of the Work I offer to you, which is written in an Art, ſomewhat different, from what you chiefly ſignalize your ſelf in, the Art of Poetry.*

Poetry, Sir, is a Study, in praiſe whereof the Orator, who moſt reſem-

bles

bles your ſelf, pleaſed to take the elegant Pains to compoſe one of his moſt celebrated Orations, I mean that for Archias *the Poet. I therefore recommend to you his Applauſes on that Art as my own Reaſons, why I offer to a wiſe Man a little Collection of Poems; notwithſtanding even to the beſt Poems ſome of the more ſeverely Learned have given no better a Title than that of being ſplendid elaborate Trifles and vain Amuſements, following, I ſuppoſe, too cloſely the Saying of that Philoſopher, who was for having Poets baniſhed out of the Commonwealth. But in order to flatter my ſelf that theſe will meet with a kind Reception from you, I pleaſe my ſelf, with conſidering, that* Cicero, *by whoſe Oration in favour of Verſes, I would tempt your kind Acceptance of theſe, would have been a Poet if he could, and that you have ſhewn the World, more than once, that you can be one whenever you pleaſe. A ſecond pleaſing Conſideration is this, that you have ſeen the Lady,*

(*as*

(as I have been informed ſince the Sheets went to the Preſs) who takes upon her the Name of Clio, *and that you have often expreſſed, in ſeveral Companies, the ſingular Value and Eſteem you have for her extraordinary Wit; I can only after that Applauſe of yours, ſay, that* I *take leave to* admire *what you* approve, *but ſhall not undertake to commend it my ſelf. That the Critical Eſſay, written by the ingenious Mr.* Porter, *which follows, does the beſt, that any thing can do, next* after your own *Approbation. And* I *deſire, that, for the ſake of the Excellencies which follow, all the Errors and Defects of this Epiſtle will be pardoned in,*

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient, and

Moſt Humble Servant,

The Editor.

A Critical ESSAY

Containing ſome Remarks upon the nature of EPISTOLARY, *and* ELEGIAC POETRY, *and the moſt Beautiful Paſſages in the following* EPISTLES *of* CLIO *and* STREPHON.

By way of Letter from Mr. John Porter, *to his friend* Richard Pocock *of* Turfield-Court *in the* County *of* Bucks, *Eſq;*

DEAR SIR,

THE Editor of the following POEMS, being pleaſed to paſs a Compliment upon my Judgment, firſt deſired me to give my Opinion of this Performance. And really, when I had Read them over, I own I was tempted to Speak my mind of them, and, by way of Gratitude,

to make a ſmall return of Praiſe to a Work, which adminiſtred ſo much pleaſure to me in the Reading. I was unwilling to do this in publick Print, after ſuch a manner, as to ſeem delivering my opinion to the World, becauſe that would carry with it too much of the Appearance of a *profeſt Critick*, a thing, which I dare openly profeſs I am not; and I wiſh, what I have here written, does not more plainly declare that Truth for me, than I do for myſelf. I therefore chuſe to give *mine* rather as a *Private Opinion* to a *Friend*, who, if he could not intirely come into my Sentiments, would be ſo kind at leaſt, as not to *cenſure* me. The firſt moment I thought of doing it, to what a Man may call his Friend in the genuine and extenſive Senſe of the Word, you will not wonder, that you was the firſt Perſon I pitched upon, who have a long time favoured me with your Converſation, and enjoyned me to make Freedom, and Familiarity the chief Articles of it, and therefore I begin without further Ceremony.

It has been remark'd by the Ingenious Major *Pack*, that, tho' there is nothing, in which Wit, Humour, and Gallantry makes ſo great a Figure as in LETTERS, yet the *Engliſh* have not many Collections of *Familiar* LETTERS, that are of any Value; and I muſt add, that, in my reading, I don't remember to have met with any in *Verſe*, I mean, where a Correſpondence has been carry'd on for a ſpace of Time. Thoſe few that ever appear'd ſeem'd to be the Works of Invention, and Starts and Sallies of Fancy, and have (as they proceeded from nothing but a luſt of Wit,) been accordingly filled and crowded with indecent Images. But theſe, which I offer to you, have, beſides their Novelty, many innocent Charms, that make them ſweetly entertaining. The Correſpondence between CLIO and STREPHON firſt took its riſe from the Liking

and

and Eſteem, which they had for each other, from a meer acquaintaince with their writings, and at laſt, in the Progreſs, it grew into an *Ideal Love*, when they had no knowledge of one another, but by Deſcriptions from a third Perſon, and the Book itſelf concludes with the *firſt Interview* they ever had. Where a mutual and paſſionate Flame was thus firſt lighted up in the minds of Young People, what Elegance of Expreſſion is it we might not expect from them? When Love makes its inroad thro' the Eyes to the Heart of Man, Love is ſeldom the cauſe of a laſting Eſteem; but both the fondneſs and the value pall with Enjoyment, and vaniſh with the taſted Charms. But where Reciprocal Eſteem is got into the very Souls, a bare Liking of Perſons connects them in an Indiſſoluble tye of Love and Friendſhip: No Eſteem can be laſting, which is grounded upon that Capricious Humour of the Eye, which we falſely tho' commonly call *falling in Love with any Body*; but Love is Eternal, where a true inward Eſteem is its forerunner. It would be therefore to do them an Injury, to pretend to make a thorough Parallel between theirs and any other Love Epiſtles, there never having appeared any before of the ſame nature, and theſe being perfect Originals in their kind. Letters of Love and Friendſhip between a Young Lady and a Gentleman, who never beheld one another's Faces, no not ſo much as in Effigie, are things, I believe, ſo very *rare*, that they have been never heard of till now; and yet I believe I may ſay there are other things beſides as *Rare* belonging to theſe Letters, and thoſe are the Beautiful, and Inimitable turns of Wit, with which they as *Singularly* expreſs the Paſſion of their Minds, as the Paſſion is itſelf *Singular*. The next *rarity* of them is that there is all the ſoftneſs of Love without the indecency of it, and even the Man's Part, if it betrays a Thought or Wiſh be-

yond what the pureſt Maid might entertain with ſafety the virginity of her Mind, it is with a tendency to that State, which is very Honourable, and than which nothing but Virginity it ſelf is more laudable; and the Fair, in full Poſſeſſion of all the treaſured beauty virtue, and bloom of Fifteen, may read every Line of it, with as much innocence, as ſhe may hear a kind Expreſſion, or behold a look, more kind than Ordinary, paſs between her Father and Mother.

But Sir, I would not have it thought, that I endeavour to talk theſe Epiſtles into Credit, meerly becauſe I like them, and have a taſt for them my ſelf. For, if I did not believe they would certainly procure a great Reputation for themſelves, I would never have preſumed to offer them to you. But I have a mind toVenture into the World my Remarks upon ſome Paſſages, that I think more particularly beautiful, and my Obſervations upon ſeveral turns of Wit, Humour, and Paſſion, which I take to be Peculiar to this kind of Epiſtolary Poeſy. By this means, when I come to hear, whether you and the World Cenſure or Approve my Notions, I ſhall reap the *Delight* and *Benefit* of finding my own *Judgment* either *Confirm'd* or elſe *ſet right* and *improved*.

In theſe Remarks, I ſhall firſt have an Eye to the Part which the Lady bears in this Work; ſhe indeed plainly appears to be the *Fair* one in *Mind* as well as in *Sex*. And if the Signs of *bold* and *manly* Strength are here and there to be found in the Genius of *Strephon*: the Syrens, the Smiles, and the Graces, warble, conquer, pleaſe, and awe almoſt in every Line of *Clio*, and her Mind was ſurely formed to Excite ſuch an intellectual Courtſhip. I almoſt grow a Rival to the Poet when I Write of his Miſtreſs that I never ſaw, and I fancy every Ingenious Man will be the ſame, that reads her. When firſt the Word Angel was attributed

attributed to Woman I believe it was in ſome meaſure properly applied to a fair one that reſembled CLIO, and the Term has been ſhamefully miſuſed by others ever ſince, 'till it is now again applied only to her, from the nearer reſemblance ſhe ſeems to bear to thoſe bright Spirits, than to any of the wittieſt of her own Sex.

Firſt LETTER, *Page* 1.

IN the very firſt Letter of hers, which is extant, the Poetry is full of Fire, but as full of Purity; ſhe ſhows her ſelf eminently diſtinguiſhed from all her Sex. For tho' ſhe has (as I have been informed) as many exterior Charms, as might alone render a young Woman very Vain of her ſelf, yet, though her Male-correſpondent preſſes very hard to ſee her, ſhe artfully diſparages her own Perſon, to try, as it were, if Wit alone could be enough of it ſelf to win him, and owns that the ſame Power in a Man would prevail with her, let his Perſonal Appearance be what it would. I think, ſhe Speaks of her ſelf under the *pretended Diſadvantages* of the *Small-Pox* and a *ſpoiled Complection*, in Lines as *ſprightly* and *tempting* as I ever Read.

But Heav'n forbid that you ſhould ever ſee
That Outſide, *which the* Vulgar *World calls* me.
Nature has been ungentle to my Face,
With artleſs Fingers ſhadowed ev'ry Grace:
Deep has ſhe left her cruel Marks behind,
As if ſhe meant to Scarr my very Mind.

My Skin ſhe ſullyed with a ſallow Hue,
That ſcarce my Soul is ſeen to ſparkle thro'.

She then Comforts herſelf under theſe aſſumed Diſadvantages with what, (when ſhe calls them her little Talents in Poetry,) ſhe Proves to be the greateſt that can be; and then artfully Steals into the Reader's Soul, by convincing him, that the favour which ſhe would do him in overlooking all Corporal Imperfections, was immenſely due from him to to herſelf in theſe concluding Lines.

Whate'er thy Perſon be, I ſhall o'er-paſs,
Who would throw Diamonds by, to look on Glaſs?
Or who would mind the Stars imperfect Light,
When the great God of Day attracts the Sight?

Second LETTER, *Page* 5.

THE Anſwer, which SREPHON makes, appears to be skilfully ſuited to the taſt of his Miſtreſs; he had told her before (as appears by her firſt Letter;) what Idea he had formed of her Perſon from Deſcription, (and 'tis realy a pity it is loſt.)

And he therefore now tacitely acquieſces in what ſhe ſays of her ſelf, and makes his Advantage of it; by giving her a Deſcription of his own Perſon, which he calls an indifferent Figure, and by deſiring her, as it were, beforehand to keep her Word with him; and to let that be no obſtacle to her beſtowing her Love upon him, when h ſhould come to make his

appea-

appearance before her, and makes that Confidence in her Promiſe, a farther Argument, ſtill why he muſt venture to ſee her.

Third LETTER *Page* 9.

HER Reply to this is by Way of a *poetick* Dream, where ſhe makes her *Fancy* kindly repreſent *him* to *her ſelf*, in moſt *advantageous* Colours, notwithſtanding *thoſe* in which *he* had *painted himſelf* to *her Imagination* before: The whole Epiſtle is ſoft, tender and engaging, and, tho' it is even ſuppoſed to be a *Dream* of a *Woman*, concerning her *Lover*, it appears more like the *virtuous Rapture* of a *kind well-wiſhing Friend*, and is filled with *moral* and *pious Sentiments*.

Fourth LETTER *Page* 15.

INſpired with ſuch a good-natured Opinion, as ſhe has of him, he next, (what we might naturally enough expect from him,) went to ſee her, but he is forced to write her Word of it, or ſhe had been ignorant of the Matter; for, it ſeems, when he came even to her Houſe, his Heart failed him, and he had not Courage enough to venture in, or even to enquire for her. This (whether an *affectionate Truth* or a *well-bred Fiction*) was, certainly, (where a *virtuous Mind* was firſt to be *engaged* and *ſubdued*,) a *maſterly Step* towards gaining *Pity*, *Benevolence*, and *Affection*. And ſuch a *Picture* of a Man's Modeſty, where a Virgin Mind ſo witty and ſo pure was to be tempered and melted into Love, was his *beſt* Expedient; for it naturally *mollifies* the moſt *rigid* Virtue, by not *ſeeming* to *dare* to *aim* at ſo *high* an *Attempt*. True

Virtue is generous and humble in it ſelf, pities thoſe who are too much awed by it, and, out of meer *Humanity*, condeſcends to be *familiar*; but, where *Boldneſs preſſes* upon her *Retirement*, and *invades* her *Privacy*, ſhe is *alarmed*, and takes *State* upon her with a *decent Pride*. Thoſe *loſe* Ground who would think to *gain* it, as is practiſed with *good Succeſs* in the *ordinary* Courſe of *Courtſhip*. A Woman's Love, which begins in her Eye, is of a coarſer Mold than Love, which begins in her Mind. In *that* her *Body* has the *firſt* Share, and tempts the *Mind* to her own *Frailty*; in *this*, the *Mind* of the Woman is *free* from all *Frailty* of its own; and if ſhe *conſents* at leaſt to *Love*, ſhe *gratifies* the *Frailty* of the *Man*, and *not* her own, and *permits* the *frail human Lover* in order to *enjoy* more cloſely the *purer Part* of him, the *Angelical Friend*. In this therefore he has uſed the true Art of a Courtier; an Art the more to be admired, becauſe it is juſt, and yet uncommon, *delaying* to ſee a Miſtreſs, whom he *longed*, and whom he had *Leave* to *ſee*. In order to diſpoſe her Mind for Love, while he thus *covertly* begs it, he ſends her the *Part* of Love between CLORINDA and TANCREDI which is one of the moſt moving Epiſodes in all TORQUATO TASSO tranſlated by his own Hand.

Fifth LETTER *Page* 21.

CLIO's Anſwer to this Letter of his, and on his Verſion of TASSO, which he ſent her at the ſame time, is ſo entirely beautiful, that no particular Part of it can be named as fine without doing injury to the others, that re[illegible] unnamed. For, it is one continued Beauty all throughout. Beginning with an *Exclamation* of her being forc'd to retire, even from his

Voice, becauſe his *Modeſty* won upon her ſo much in *not appearing* himſelf, ſhews the greatneſs of the generoſity of Mind I deſcrib'd above to the higheſt Perfection; and renders her more amiable than ever, and makes her move Love more in Proportion, as ſhe appears more mov'd with it her ſelf: For there even a Paſſion is built, where it is very rarely built, upon the ſtrongeſt Foundation of the ſtricteſt Honour, and the ſoundeſt Judgment. Now I can't reſiſt the Temptation of ſingling out ſome Lines of hers, which, I will venture to ſay, are more than any Man could deſerve, tho' ſhe is pleas'd to addreſs them to her STREPHON. (I fancy I am here growing again his *Rival*, and that I envy him as much a Miſtreſs, whom I never ſaw, as he lov'd her before he ſaw her) and I ſingle them out becauſe I own they pleaſe my Taſt particularly, and becauſe the Expreſſions moſtly ſeem to be turned in that graceful, eaſy, natural, and yet ſtrong Manner, for which Mr. *Addiſon, who is now Immortal*, was ſo eminently conſpicuous.

The World, which ſeem'd a Trifle to my View,
Is leſs deſpis'd, ſince 'tis adorn'd by you;
And I its empty Pleaſures could endure,
Were but my Soul of ſuch a Friend ſecure.
How few in all the tour of Life we find,
That either can improve, or charm the Mind?
Scarce can my Thought, in all the boaſted Crowd,
Recall one Friend to make my Mem'ry proud.
Tho' much of Flattery my Youth has prov'd,
(For I have been what others *call belov'd,)*

Yet

Yet ſtill my nicer Inclination found
Some happy Fault to keep me yet unbound.

After this, turning all her Pleaſure and Care to her Muſe, and praying him to do the like; and then running imperceptibly into the Praiſe of the tenderneſs of his Compoſition concerning the Loves of CLORINDA and TANCREDI, to evade *the Love* offered by him to her ſelf; all theſe, I ſay, are Beauties, which, if they were to be found in any of the ancient Writers of Poetical Love Epiſtles, I except not even the great Maſters, *Ovid* and *Tibullus* themſelves, many Pages would be filled by Commentators in their Praiſe.

Sixth LETTER, *Pag.* 25.

THE next is *Strephon*'s Letter, and there he recapitulates in a Dream all the Lady has ſaid to him, and anſwers it Paragraph by Paragraph, by way of Dialogue; turning all very dexterouſly to his own Favour. But the Place, which he ſeems moſt to turn to his Advantage, is that, wherein he introduces her endeavouring to divert his Mind from the farther purſuit of Love, and to join with her in cultivating thoſe ſocial Studies, which were wholly to terminate in the Muſes, whom ſhe is pleas'd to call his Friends; and that conſequently, by his Intereſt in them, he may perpetuate her Fame; which, ſhe modeſtly inſinuates, would not long ſubſiſt without his help: Theſe Words of hers he turns thus; and where ſhe ſeems moſt to avoid his Courtſhip, there he puſheth it the moſt home.

CLIO

Clio is all my Pleaſure and my Care,
And I no other's Fetters wiſh to wear:
To me, then Clio, *all thy Fondneſs give,*
And let thy trueſt, tend'reſt Lover live.
Of that I can no Danger apprehend,
If ev'ry Muſe is, as thou ſay'ſt, my Friend;
Heav'n knows, of all the Nine, *but* one *I chuſe,*
Yea Heav'ns! let Clio *be* that *friendly Muſe;*
Then future Ages will repeat my Name,
For, if ſhe'd wear it, ſhe wou'd give it Fame.

Seventh LETTER, *Pag.* 35.

THE foregoing Letter had, it ſeems, the Misfortune to be detain'd a whole Month by a Lady, to whom the care of it was entruſted, before it was deliver'd to Clio, which occaſions, in her Anſwer, many Expreſſions of regret, and tendereſt Reſentment, upon the Account of her not receiving them ſooner. She praiſeth the chaſtity of his Dream, and ſignifies, That the Goddeſs of that Virtue gave her leave to approve it; and, when ſhe has Anſwer'd the Objection of thoſe Prudes, who might make an Exception againſt her going ſuch Lengths in her Favour to him, ſhe flies into a metaphorical Rapture of Poetry, that the Letter did not ſooner come into her Hands, which, if Longinus was again to live, and to be the Judge of, he would certainly place down, as an Example of the Sublime. The Words are theſe:

My

My Guardian Angel ſhould have been their Guide,
And to his Wings thy am'rous Paper ty'd:
In bearing of the glorious Sheets along,
APOLLO *would have caught the flying Song;*
And, as he cut along the lower Sky,
Thy Verſe had taught his Pinions how to fly.

Her placing him afterwards in ſo lively a manner before her Sight, and expreſſing her Ideas, that ſhe ſees his very Features, his Shape, his Air, his Look *Glowing*, as it were, when he fortunately hits upon an Expreſſion, which he thought would pleaſe her, is a Maſter-Stroke in Writing which Nature muſt have dictated, and Art could not teach; and like the way, with which Women Charm their Lovers, when they own they are charm'd, and by which, when they ſignifie their Lovers ſteal into their Minds, they rather ſteal into the Minds of their Lovers: She ſeems to be perſwading, whilſt ſhe fears to be perſwaded; and her Mind, in the cloſe of this Letter, appears to be brought to that Progreſs in *Ideal Love*, as a young Woman's is in *practical Courtſhip*, when her *denying* is ſo *faint* that it *may paſs* for *granting*; and this ſhe *expreſſes* in ſo *artful* a manner, as might *inſtruct* the moſt *courtly Maid* how to *act* on the ſame Occaſion.

The Pow'r of Verſe my raviſh'd Soul has prov'd,
So can'ſt thou Charm, and ſo is CLIO *mov'd.*
What artful Methods the Poetick find,
To ſteal themſelves into the Reader's Mind?

I ſhould

I ſhould receive thy dang'rous Wit with care,
For, oh! the Poet lies in Ambuſh there.
I ſee, I hear thee, thy perſuaſive Art!
Oh! keep thy Verſe, and let me keep my Heart;
Or if, oh! gentle Bard! thou art my Friend,
While thou attack'ſt, inſtruct me to defend.

Eighth LETTER, *Pag.* 41.

IN the next Letter, STREPHON may be ſuppoſed to try his utmoſt Intereſt in her Breaſt, upon this Incouragement, tho' the Letter is unfortunately loſt; whereupon CLIO, in her Anſwer to it, returns to her firſt Intrenchment, and places all her praiſes in Platonick Love and pure Friendſhip. She calls him a Spirit, alluding to his former Dream, his Breaſt, ſhe ſays, is Æthereal; ſhe Owns that, in *that Senſe*, ſhe Converſeth with him at Midnight; that ſhe has pray'd to have a Lover like him *made of Air*. Says his is not an earthly Paſſion, but a more tranſcendent Flame, and that Love itſelf is too mean a Name for it. But, before ſhe concludes, ſhe acknowledgeth the Power of his Verſe has excited ſome ſoft feelings in her Boſom, Vows ſhe will retire, yet owns ſhe cannot; deſires him not to Court her, for fear ſhe ſhould yield; and a Thouſand other beautiful tenderneſſes ſhe Expreſſes altogether, but, at laſt, ſhe hath recourſe again to her ſtrongeſt Retreat, turns all this Tide of Rapture into meer Spiritual Fondneſs, claims her Lovers Approbation for the Honour of doing ſo, and, at the ſame time as ſhe rejects his Love, ſhe demands

mands Eternal Friendſhip from him, and intreats im in his Spiritual capacity to viſit her every Night.

Thus Speaks my Soul, but it alas! is join'd,
To human Clay, which is to rules confin'd,
And thou thy ſelf wou'd chide it if too kind.
Yet whatſoever rigid form attends,
Let us at leaſt——Eternally be Friends,
And I intreat thee, Oh! my charming Spright,
In Verſe to Viſit CLIO *ev'ry Night.*

Ninth LETTER, *Pag.* 47.

THE next Letter is STREPHON's, and contains a Melancholly Account of the Interruption of the Gayety and pleaſure of their Loves: The Subject of this Interruption is nothing leſs, than his receiving the ill News, that the Miſtreſs of his tender Affections is fallen Sick. The greateſt beauty, that I obſerve in this Letter, is, that the *Heart* of the Writer appears plainly to have a greater ſhare in the Compoſition of it than the *Head*. His Deſcription of Death approaching in all his terrors with impatience to demand him, and ſaying it would be leſs dreadful than that ill News, and then next his disbelieving it upon her being the care of Heaven: And again turning back to his firſt Fears, are the perfect nature and the true workings of a Mind diſtreſt for the Indiſpoſition of a Miſtreſs. His turning and falling immediately to his Prayers for her Recovery, and ſignifying that he will *remain upon his Knees*, till an Expreſs brings him the glad tidings of her reſtored Health, are ſuch *lively* ſtrokes

ſtrokes of Imagery, that I *fancy* him *before my Eyes* in that *ſupplicating Poſture*, and I remark that it is the firſt Letter we have of his in *Proſe*, which in ſome meaſure ſhows the Paſſion between them to be *natural*, and *not feign'd*, in as much as her Illneſs put him under too great a Perturbation of Mind, to Expreſs himſelf in his *darling way* of *Courtſhip*, that of *Poetry*.

Tenth LETTER, *Pag.* 49.

HER Anſwer to him is likewiſe in Proſe, and ſhe adapts every thing to the Subject of her Illneſs; in the midſt of it ſhe is not, indeed, employ'd in the reading of his Letters: That would have been an improper Amuſement for a ſick Woman. No, ſhe read Religion, but even that muſt be in his Eſſays, which, as ſhe tells him, he makes, as it really is, the fineſt ſubject upon Earth. And here I obſerve, that thoſe Eſſays were probably that Book, the reading of which, as Mentioned in the Title of the firſt Page, gave her the firſt Liking to him, and occaſioned their Correſpondence.—— As, when ſhe is ill, ſhe is reſolved to ſeem to owe her ſerious Devotion to him, ſo, upon the firſt Appearance of her growing better, the only real Pleaſure ſhe ſeems to be able to take, is, converſing with him again in Verſe, which ſhe calls healing to her Mind, and concludes with deſiring it in the following Rapture.

Oh! then the ſacred remedy apply,
And pleas'd I'll live, if not, with Pleaſure die.

Eleventh

Eleventh LETTER, *Pag.* 51.

IN the next Letter STREPHON anſwers the Requeſt of his CLIO; and now his Mind is more at eaſe on the Conſideration of her being in a likely way of Recovery, writes to her in Verſe, and makes her Sickneſs the Subject of his Letter; and, the whole, (if I may give my Opinion) ſeems to be a *Studied Piece*; it is not like his other Letters; 'tis undertaken rather as a Task than by Choice; it has more of Art than Nature in it: There are many ſublime Touches in it, that demand our Approbation, nay, even force our Admiration, altho' the others, according to my Taſte, are much more taking.

Twelfth LETTER, *Pag.* 57.

THE next Letter is alſo written by STREPHON, and is an Anſwer to CLIO's Letter on Platonick Love, writ juſt before her Sickneſs: In this he returns to his former Way of Courtſhip, writes with all the Softneſs in Nature; he takes occaſion to argue, from his Tenderneſs to her, in her Illneſs, that ſhe ſhould return the ſame Compaſſion to his Mind labouring under the Pangs of Love: And exploding, with a great deal of Humour, that too Spiritualiz'd Way of Courtſhip in the Platonick Kind, he tells her, that he is her Lover in plain Terms, that he is compoſed of Body as well as Soul; and, therefore, with their *Angelical* Converſe, they ought to mingle the Diſcourſes of the *Woman* and the *Man*: He ventures to own thoſe two dreadful Diſadvantages in a Suiter, the Diſagreeableneſs of his Perſon, and the low Condition his

and Poverty of his Fortune, and throws the Iſſue of his Plea wholly upon her *Mercy* and *Generoſity*, the two Virtues upon which he could moſt rely, as being the moſt Predominant in her Soul.

Thirteenth LETTER, *Pag.* 63.

CLIO intitles her next Letter, an Anſwer to both STREPHON's amiable Epiſtles concerning her Illneſs, and Platonick Love. In the firſt ſix and twenty Lines of this Letter ſhe makes him the higheſt Complements upon the Verſes he writ on her Indiſpoſition, during the time of the great Storm. *Storms*, ſhe ſays, grow gentle, *Thunder* ſoftens at the Sound of his Verſe. She compares them to all the Sweeteſt Inſtruments of Muſick, even up to *David*'s Harp; ſhe owns, that the Paſſions of her Soul are chilled and Warm'd, as the Poet pleaſes: She deſcribes the Angel's deſcending, hearing and wondring at his Voice, becoming his Friends, and carrying up his Prayers for her, in the midſt of the Storm; to the Effect of which Prayers, he beautifully attributes the Recovery of her Health: and, whilſt ſhe is praiſing the Loftineſs of his Expreſſions, exceeds them with her own, and is, her ſelf, the beſt Example of the Sublime ſhe commends. At the twenty ſeventh Line ſhe begins to take him to Task, for writing his other Letter againſt Platonick Love, with a Vein of exquiſite Humour and Pleaſantry: The Words are theſe;

But with my Praiſes I ſhould Chidings join,
Thy Body is informed of our Deſign.

Did I not tell thee, it a ſhare wou'd claim,
And ſtrive to damp our everlaſting Fame?
And CLIO *has a Rival now I find,*
Who knows the ſofteſt Secrets of thy Mind,
Thou art not an intire Angel yet,
But haſt a little of the Serpent's Wit.

After this little Sally of Humour is over, when the Sound of the Verſe is perfectly altered to the Senſe, and the Stile made more familiar, the better to expreſs that Part of Raillery, ſhe, at laſt, gracefully aſſumes the Platonick again her ſelf, and flying into a Rapture upon Angelical Love, ſhe again makes the Words agree with the Senſe, and is all *Pompous, Magnificent* and *Sonorous*. The Lines are theſe,

A Day will come, thou will't be all refin'd,
Thy Body as immortal as thy Mind;
Then near thy heavenly Form my Soul ſhall ſtay,
And paſs, with thee, the never-ending Day;
A little longer, tedious Life will end,
And we, like Stars, together ſhall aſcend:
Or, ſhou'd I loſe thee in the ſhining Throng,
I ſoon ſhould find thee, by thy deathleſs Song.
Sure a peculiar Brightneſs thou wilt wear,
From all the ſparkling Crowd of Poets there.
Sing on, and ſhorten Life's inſipid Race,
I long to meet thee in a noble Place,

Where

Where Spirits of our Rank appear in State,
And those of lower Merit humbly wait.

But when she has shewn all Divinity of Mind (as I may call it) she is still afraid, that she must be Woman at last, and apprehends falling into the Frailty of consenting to his Desires, though the very Ground upon which she fears to do it, is a Vertue, and not a Frailty: She sees his Mind amiable, and hears from his own Mouth that he has a Body which disturbs his Mind with the Inclinations of Love; and yet he has told her it is a deformed one, and not likely to gain a return of Affection from the Fair. Therefore out of meer pity she encourages him, she admits the Lover to secure the Friend and can be said to do no more than just generously to bring, or rather force herself to endure the Corporal Man, for the sake of the Intellectual one.

But cease to think thy Noble mind undone,
Tho' Nature put thy Body loosely on.
If 'tis unworthy of the brighter Guest
Which warms thy Verse, and sparkles in thy Breast,
I can forgive thy uningaging Clay,
Suppose it even what thy Numbers say.

After this we may expect her Consent; for Pity, as Mr. *Dryden* says, still fore runs approaching Love, as Lightning does the Thunder. But oh! how full of Beauty is the yielding Maid! Did ever so much fearful granting, retracting, blushing, trembling, bewitching, Modesty appear in Action, as there is here lively painted in Expression?

What would'ſt thou more? Thy Numbers I approve,
I like my ſelf —— and give thee leave to Love;
But oh! incroaching mortal as thou art,
Let ſtill thy Spirit have the greateſt part:
You may admire me all the Ways you can,
Give me the Lover; but keep back the Man:
Yet even him perhaps my Eyes could bear,
Becauſe thy Soul (which is my Friend) lives there,
Let CLIO *ſtill her Empire there maintain,*
Sweet are her Laws, and gentle is her Reign,
She ſhall not Tyrannize, nor thou complain.

She has no ſooner conſented, but ſhe ſeems beautifully aſhamed of the conſenting Letter; ſhe can endure her own Writings no longer, and his are only ſuitable to her Taſte; ſhe expoſtulates with him that Love ought to be *Dumb*, but when he is the Lover, it ought to ſpeak, becauſe his Eloquence alone is able to juſtify a Maid's being kind.

I juſt again have read thy Letters o'er,
And therefore can endure my own no more,
From whence does all thy ſoft Expreſſions come,
Sure not from Love, for Love you know is Dumb;
But ſuch a Paſſion may I never prove,
Give me a ſpeaking and a writing Love,

One that can with ſuch Eloquence perſwade,
And juſtify the Kindneſs of a Maid.

The whole Letter may ſtand a better Example of Epiſtolary Poetry than any one I can find among the Antients; it ſeems to have been written by a Lady who had a full and lawful Call from *Minerva* and Nature to Poetry, and to have been led by nature likewiſe to this ſoft Subject of Love; ſo that there is left no room to wonder that this ſhould be one of the moſt perfect Pieces in the Compoſition, in which both Art and Nature have conſpired; and really where a Woman born by Nature a *Wit* and *Poeteſs*, writing to a Man ſhe loves for his Senſe, and by whom ſhe is beloved for her own, firſt acknowledges her Conſent to his Courtſhip, what Beauties might one not expect in a Letter where *Wit* and *Nature*, *Art* and *Study*, *Love*, *Modeſty*, *Paſſion and Virtue* join their Forces, and exert themſelves to make it fine? This muſt be the Verſe which contains in it ſuch Charms which cannot fail to affect all Hearts with Pleaſure that are capable of receiving any, and to ſooth all Minds that are ſuſceptible of the Notions of Love: When ſhe commends his Wit, her own Lines are full of it; when ſhe ſpeaks of the Loftineſs of his Expreſſions, her own are much more ſublime; and when ſhe rallies him for not being able to keep within the bounds of Platonick Love, her Words gently ſteal and ſlide into a ſmoother courſe of Stile; ſhe conveys her Notions familiarly, and in the eaſieſt way imaginable; but when ſhe enters upon the Praiſe of Platonick Love, ſhe grows again Divine, like her Subject, her Sentiments riſe with the Theme, and her Expreſſions with her Sentiments; when ſhe touches upon Morality and Virtue, ſhe doth it with the niceſt Propriety and De-

licacy; when ſhe pities the Paſſion that diſturbs his Breaſt, ſhe inſenſibly leads her ſelf into Love; and to uſe the Expreſſion of the ingenious Major *Pack*, ſhe is borne gently down the Tide of Tenderneſs, in ſoft and eaſy Gales of Paſſion. And all the while ſhe is thus yielding, Virgin Modeſty (if I may be allowed ſo bold a Phraſe) glows and bluſhes as it were in her very Lines, and adds a thouſand new Charms to the other Beauties of this Poem.

Fourteenth LETTER, *Pag.* 71.

THE next Letter is STREPHON's, in which he expreſſeth the Increaſe of his Paſſion, and deſcribes the different Feelings which work upon him with greater Vehemence than ever. While he is reading over and over again the laſt condeſcending Letter, he would fain give Spiritual Love the drop, and quit it entirely; he has nothing more of the Angel left in him but turns perfectly Man, and has no ſooner obtained the leaſt Glimpſe of a Promiſe, but he is paſſionately *eager*, *impetuous*, and *preſſing* for Enjoyment. But yet amidſt all the hurry of his Deſire, he takes the niceſt care not to be ſo paſſionate as to prove Offenſive; he paints Enjoyment, but then it is in the pureſt Images, he artfully makes Fancy perſonate himſelf, and in a tranſport of Imagination catches her ſleeping in her Garden (alluding to her Letter intitled *The Dream* at *Page* 9th,) goes as far in the luſcious Deſcription as ſtealing a kiſs from her, and wiſhing it might excite in her the ſame Deſires as he felt by Sympathy, and concludes with a Sigh that he could go no farther, and that what he even poſſeſt was only in Thought, and not in reality; but then he comforts himſelf with the Hopes of a more actual Enjoyment from the leave ſhe had given him to Love.

That

That kind Leave he dwells upon, with all the fondneſs of a deſiring Lover; he flies into a Rapture upon it; he gains his Miſtreſs in Thought, and finiſhes his Letter in an Extacy.

This ſaid, I juſt was yielding to Deſpair,
But thy laſt Letter diſſipated Care;
There, there you ſay --- my Numbers you approve,
You like your ſelf ---- and give me leave to Love;
Leave? --- O ye CUPIDS *bear the Tidings high,*
As the bright Orb that circles round the Sky:
To diſtant Worlds my plighted Love proclaim,
To diſtant Nations her dear Accents name;
She gives me leave ---- O ſound thoſe Words again,
And ſound them till the lovely Maid I gain.

Fifteenth LETTER, *Page* 75.

AS it commonly happens in other Things, when Hopes are at the higheſt, that they meet with unexpected croſs Accidents, and have the greater Fall; ſo fared it with STREPHON in his Love, when his Imagination was wound up to the higheſt pitch, and he thought his Miſtreſs his own; a Letter full of killing News comes to his Hands from CLIO, wherein ſhe tells him ſhe has heard from an Only Brother in *Spain*, who invites her thither: She tells him the paſſionate Deſire ſhe has to ſee him after ſeven Years abſence, will prevail with her to venture; yet at the ſame time ſhe aſſures him, that ſhe ſhould be grieved to leave nothing more than his tender Correſpondence,

and intreats him to contrive ſome way of keeping it up. Thus all his Hopes are defeated at once, and when he thought he was neareſt obtaining the Lady, ſhe was going to *Spain*, the furtheſt from him; he did not want the Means of contriving a Correſpondence with her in a foreign Climate, but what he moſt paſſionately wanted, was, a much cloſer Correſpondence: This unexpected Diſtreſs gives an occaſion for one of the moſt Paſſionate, and (what I think one of the beſt, Letters he has written.

Sixteenth LETTER, *Pag.* 77.

STREPHON in the very beginning of this Epiſtle ſeems perfectly Thunder-ſtruck with the News of his Miſtreſs's departure; bewildred as it were with Woe, he begins his Letter as Nature always dictates in ſuch Caſes; abruptly, as Rhetoricians call it, and in this Place it is the greateſt Beauty ſo to begin. Starting as it were in Surprize, he pictures, to his Imagination, a number of Merchants ſtanding on a Shore, beholding their Ships richly laden, and under Sail, dancing towards them on the curling Waves with a flattering Gale, thinking their Merchandizes already ſafe in their Hands, exulting and leaping with Joy at the happy Sight, and bleſſing Fortune as a Goddeſs that was indulgent to their Wiſhes; but then he immediately paints the Wayward Female Deity, amidſt all her capricious Humour of Mutability and Inconſtancy; She ſpightfully commands, and *Æolus* obeys, the Winds riſe bluſtering, the Clouds gather, the Seas ſwell into Mountains; the Merchants complain in vain, the tall Maſts ſink behind the riſing Billows, and they have no farther uſe for their Eyes but to weep. After this lively Picture of Woe, he brings the Parallel home,

and carries home the Allegory throughout with great exactneſs and nicety. She is to him more precious than the Diamonds; the fluctuations of a Mind in Love, he juſtly compares to the troubled Sea; her Arms are his ſecure Harbour, and her Smiles are his inviting Coaſt. At laſt, by her Conſent he ſeems approaching to her with the greateſt Security; but juſt at that Inſtant the ſame fickle Goddeſs of Fortune ſnatches her away from his Sight. This Allegory ſuits ſo much to my Taſt, and is ſo full of lively Imag'ry, that I muſt inſert it here, as being one of thoſe I account the moſt beautiful Paſſages. After having repreſented the Merchant's Diſtreſs as above, he carries on the Compariſon.

How nat'ral 'tis to feel a Wretch his Moan,
When ſmall Reflection makes the Caſe one's own?
Richer were I, than thoſe that ſhare the Eaſt,
If thy ſoft Form my claſping Arms poſſeſt;
On Seas of Troubles has my Mind been toſt,
Long ſought, thro' Riſques of being ever loſt,
Thy Arms its Harbour, and thy Smiles its Coaſt.
Sometimes in Hope, but oft'ner in Deſpair,
Till you at length inclin'd to hear my Pray'r.
Juſt as to home-row'd Barks th' increaſing Shore,
Set forth, and ſeem to meet the lab'ring Oars.
So tow'rds thy Boſom did I ſwiftly ſteer,
The Way ſeem'd ſhortn'd, and the Sky was clear;

You ſeem'd approaching —— Nature's ſelf was gay,
And I ſerener than a Summer's Day;
But deſtiny's black Cloud ſtill lurk'd behind,
My Stars grew Cruel, juſt as you grew Kind:
Me fruſtrate Hopes convey to Dennis *Plain,*
And Fortune ſnatches thee away to Spain.

But there is a ſecret Beauty which I remark in this Poem, that ſhews a great deal of Art in the Writer; when her Brother had ſent for her, an only Brother which ſhe had not ſeen ſo long, and it appear'd to ſuit both with her Inclination and Intereſt to go to him, tho' the Lover muſt be unwilling to part with her, yet it was not conſiſtent with his part of Friendſhip too ſtrongly, and too plainly to diſwade her from the Voyage; and for this Reaſon it is, he compares the loſs of her, to the loſſes of Merchants at Sea, that he might have an opportunity of deſcribing the inconſtancy of the Heavens, a Calm firſt, and a Storm immediately ſucceeding, in order to inſtill into her Breaſt, with a great deal of hidden Art (where he does not ſeem to deſign it) a great many Fears and Dangers to deter her from attempting the hazard of a Voyage. After this, when he is reduc'd to the neceſſity of either diſſwading her from going contrary to her declared Inclinations, or elſe perſwading her to go quite contrary to his own; he behaves himſelf very Artful in ſo nice a Criſis, dividing himſelf into the Lover and the Friend. As a Lover he has Tears in his Eyes, which he makes his dumb Advocates for her Stay. As a Friend, he conſults her Inclinations, her Pleaſures, and her Intereſt; he not only plainly adviſes her to go, but haſtens her, and offers himſelf to lead her to the Ship with his

his own Hand; at the ſame time bemoaning his low Condition of Fortune, and ſorrowing that he was not in Circumſtances to bear the Expence of Travelling with her; and that therefore he muſt be left behind. This I count another beautiful Paſſage, every Line is wonderfully adapted to move Pity and Compaſſion, and excite Love and Eſteem.

Tet hear, my CLIO, *thy beſt Friend adviſe;*
[Tho' thy Friend's Counſel melts thy Lover's Eyes.]
Since thou haſt got an only Brother there,
Wiſe like his Siſter, like his Siſter Fair:
Since he has ſole Poſſeſſion of thy Mind,
Which might poſſeſs the Hearts of all Mankind;
May all, that can, it's lov'd Acquaintance boaſt,
Render its Slaves, but STREPHON *ſtill the moſt.*
Go — yes thou ſhalt — my Hand ſhall be my Foe,
My Hand ſhall lead thee, ſince thou'rt bent to go;
And if baſe Fortune were leſs harſh to me,
I'd the Companion of that Voyage be.
But as to Fortune in this earthly State,
My Name's writ backward in the Books of Fate:
Go —— ſhare the Pleaſures of a Brother's Breaſt,
And leave a Lover void of Joy and Reſt,
For me no matter —— CLIO will be bleſt.
To ſome dark lonely Cave I can retire,
Weep away Life, and with a Groan expire.

Seventeenth

Seventeenth LETTER, *Pag.* 83.

CLIO in her Anſwer replies to both his laſt Letters at the ſame time. In the one he had told her his Paſſion was increaſed; and in the other, he adviſed her to go to *Spain*. In this Letter we muſt conſider CLIO no more in her Angelical Capacity of Platonick Love, but as a Virgin that had admitted the Courtſhip of a Man, and as to a Woman that was ſo far overcome as to own that the Courtſhip proceeded by her Leave, and that ſhe well approv'd of the Courtier. When we have placed her in this new Light, we can't much wonder that ſhe rallies her Lover, upon his ſaying this Moment that his Paſſion was increas'd; and at the next, adviſing her to go quite away from him into a foreign Country; but then ſhe rallies too, as not to ſeem to rally at the ſame time, and indeed accuſes him with a great deal of courtly Decency; ſhe would appear to commend him for his Advice, and ſignifies that ſhe doth not take it as an Argument of his Paſſion being abated; but yet, by her way of concluding from thence, with a Reſolution of going; and ſignifying, that he farthers her Deſign, ſhows that what ſhe ſaid before, carries with it only an Air of Compliment, and that the Woman appears at the bottom of it all. She inwardly condemns his Advice, whilſt ſhe extreamly commends it, and palpably takes it for an Affront to Love, whilſt ſhe openly profeſſes ſhe does not. This ſhe beautifully performs in the following Lines, with her uſual Art and Addreſs. ——

I'm

I'm loſt in Thought --- which I ſhou'd moſt commend,
The Lover, the Philoſopher, or Friend,
They all delight ſo much, they all ſo high aſcend.
Rarely thoſe Titles do ſo well agree,
The pleaſing Wonder is all new to me,
A thouſand different Virtues ſhine in thee.
My Friendſhip you deſerve ſo many ways,
Thy tender Paſſion, and inchanting Lays,
Inſpire my grateful Song to chaunt thy Praiſe.
Preferring CLIO's *Int'reſt to thy own*
Is ſuch a Compliment I have not known.
Thy kind Philoſophy I do approve,
Nor think thy offer an Affront to Love,
For I by common Methods never move.
Yes, I will go —— *you farther my Deſign.*

She proceeds then under the Covert of a Moral, and deſiring his farther Counſel in the Conduct of Life, artfully to excite his Jealouſy, by ſignifying the Dangers ſhe may have from the Courtſhip of other Men in *Spain* that may be leſs generous Lovers than himſelf; and notwithſtanding what ſhe formerly ſaid to the Diſparagement of her own Beauty, ſhe here puts him in Mind, that ſhe has ſome Charms, and a great deal of Youth. The Words ſeem to me exceeding pretty.

Say

Stay but a while, I'm ready to attend
Thy gen'rous Arm, thy faithful Counſel lend:
This little Bark, Oh! teach me how to guide,
Far from the Rocks of Levity and Pride;
For oh! I go, where I muſt think to find,
Things of thy Form, without thy Godlike Mind.
The lively Youth upon my Temples play.

However ſhe is willing to explain that there is ſome Love at the bottom of his Expreſſions, and has ſo much Pity for him, that ſhe endeavours to ſooth the Melancholly which he expreſſes at his Diſappointment in loſing her, and the narrowneſs of his Fortune, which reſtrains him from bearing her company in her intended Voyage. This ſhe does by telling him that he has her for a Companion in Misfortunes, and that ſhe too had met with her ſhare of Sorrow, and relates to him a moving melancholly Story of loſing her Father, who was baſely Murder'd; and then addreſſes him upon the ſubject of his own Grief, for which he has no ſuch moving Cauſe as ſhe has had; and adviſes him to bear the Parting from her with an equal Mind, and comforts him farther with this Reflection, that if his Name had no place in the Books of Fortune, it had a very bright one in the Books of Fame, and was conſigned to Immortality: She tells him then in the fineſt Complement that can be, how far ſhe would have a hand in ſpreading his Fame, eſpecially in *Spain*, where ſhe was going. This part of her Letter which is a lofty and Sublime Panygerick, ſeems to me to be written in the Manner, and with that very ſame Vigour and Spirit which was the peculiar Characteriſtick of the immortal

mortal Mr. *Addiſon*, when he employ'd his divine Pen in Panygerick, who (for I muſt juſt take this ſmall occation of offering ſome little Incenſe to the *Manes* of that great Poet) in my Opinion far excells Mr. *Waller* in that way; tho' my Lord *Rocheſter* firſt, and Major *Pack* afterwards, allow *Waller* to have had a Talent above any Man in Subjects of Panygerick, and of Love; and if Mr. *Addiſon* has exceeded him in one, I may venture to ſay this, that CLIO is at leaſt Mr. *Waller*'s Equal in both Capacities; ſhe has a Fancy as *ſtrong*, Sentiments as *elevated*, and a Judgment as *correct*.

Let Partial Fate be cruel to thy Name,
Since it is written in the Book of Fame,
To whatſoever Nation I'm convey'd,
My Poet ſhall be ſtill Immortal made:
I will thy Merit and thy Lays rehearſe,
And charm the witty Spaniard *with thy Verſe,*
Tho' skill'd in Love, they humbly ſhall ſubmit,
To thy Superiour Tenderneſs and Wit,
Spain *ſhall not ſtill her noble Lovers boaſt,*
Nor always triumph o'er our Frozen Coaſt;
Far from the Sun, the Lord of ſprightly Fires,
BRITANNIA *lies; but ſhe has ſoft Deſires.*
The God of Love flies here with ſlower Wing,
But yet her Martial Sons can Love and Sing,
For here the Myrtles, Bays, and Laurels Spring.

Thy

Thy Numbers are ſo Tender and ſo Bright,
They ſhall appear, and do thy Nation Right.

Here again ſhe returns (ſince ſhe had before confeſs'd a Liking to him) to ſhew that Love, and Conſtancy remain in her own Boſom, and wittily takes an Occaſion (paſſingly) to put him in mind of his own Want of both, in not yet taking the Advantage of ſeeing her, which he might have done if he would. Then ſhe warmly expoſtulates with him, whether he would at leaſt remember thoſe Letters of hers, in which ſhe beautifully ſays ſhe has ſent him the Picture of her Soul painted with her Pen. Next ſhe kindly takes his Part againſt her own Expoſtulation, and concludes with promiſing her ſelf a laſting place in his Remembrance, and him an everlaſting Friendſhip for his own Reward. Theſe are the Lines,

But while on Fancy's Wing I fly to Spain,
A mournful Thought recalls me back again:
Thou wilt thy abſent CLIO's *Eyes forget,*
But I miſtake,——Thou haſt not ſeen them yet,
Soon all thy ſoft Ideas thou wilt loſe,
That fire thy Soul, and animate thy Muſe,
The Wheel of Fortune may its Humour ſhow,
And often turning round advance thee low.
Wilt thou remember abſent CLIO *then,*
And know the Picture of her Soul again,
Which ſhe has ſent thee painted with her Pen.

I hear

I hear thy Sighing Heart affirm it will,
My pain is loſt and all my Fears are ſtill,
Oh! what ſhall I return thy ſoft Regard,
Be everlaſting Friendſhip thy Reward,
Such as thy Soul ſo ardently demands,
Whoſe trueſt value STREPHON *underſtands.*

Eighteenth LETTER, *Page* 89.

IN Anſwer to the foregoing Letter, STREPHON grounds his, which he calls his Complaint; he Acts the Lover now, as he had done the Friend before, and as he then adviſed her to go, he now implores her to ſtay; he begins with even calling her Cruel to think of going, and where ſhe terms it his Council, he accuſes her of laying artful Blames upon him: He diſtinguiſhes between his Friendſhip and his Love, with a great deal of Humour and Pleaſantry, and tells her that ſhe is a little *Sophiſter* in *Poetry*, not to make the ſame Diſtinction. This Raillery in Argument continues for about twenty Lines, wherein he accuſes himſelf for having acted the Friend at all, calls it being Wiſe out of Seaſon, and dully good, to permit his Judgment to counſel what was Repugnant to his Will, and then ſmartly argues her of being unfairly Witty to take that part againſt him; where he owns his Head had erred againſt the Dictates of his Heart. And this Part of the Epiſtle is written in a Stile particularly familiar and ſuitable to the Subject. When he has endeavour'd, as much as he can, to Railly her out of her Deſign of following his advice in going to *Spain*; he tryes next what Gravity will do, and conſiders her Departure as a matter Important to his own Repoſe:

He afreſh takes recourſe to his Intreaties and Prayers for her ſtay, begs as a condemned Man would for a Reprieve, accuſes her for entertaining a ſingle Thought that he could part from her without Pain, expreſſes the Agonies of his Heart, on the doleful Occaſion, and uſes all the tender Words he can to revive Pity and Compaſſion within her Boſom.

Nineteenth LETTER, *Page* 95.

AS the Aim of STREPHON's laſt Letter, was to move Pity, we may judge how far Art and Nature joyn'd in ſtirring up that Paſſion, by finding in this Anſwer of CLIO, that her Heart was affected with it, ſhe adminiſters Comfort to him in the tend'reſt manner ſhe can. And in the two firſt Lines (for I never heard that the Lady underſtood the Latin of OVID, neither do I know that that part of him was ever made *Engliſh*,) ſhe has ſhown her Genius to be perfectly OVIDIAN, for they are Word for Word the ſame.

Diſcite ſanari, per quem didiciſtis amare
Una Manus vobis vulnus opemq; feret.
Let CLIO *thy complaining Heart appeaſe,*
The Hand that Wounded ſhall reſtore thy Eaſe.

She ſays all the kind Things to him that are poſſible, to convince him that he has ſtill her Eſteem; and what is more, ſhe Revives him with the Knowledge that ſhe her ſelf is alſo convinced on her Part, that he has a Love and Fondneſs for her, and 'tis neceſſary ſhe ſhould continue it: Nay, furthermore, as if ſhe her ſelf deſired it, ſhe very wittingly Prophecies that he will continue thoſe his Affections to her.

Thus

Thus far ſhe ſpeaks in all the Tenderneſs of a kind Miſtreſs, but ſtill the reſenting Woman is to puniſh the erring Suitor a little longer, for committing ſuch an affront to Love, as letting his Friendſhip gain the better of his Paſſion, and adviſing her to go.——That unpallatable advice ſticks uppermoſt ſtill, and ſhe muſt Puniſh him a little more before the Crime is attoned for. It is but reaſonable for her, ſhe thinks, to offer him Friendſhip inſtead of Love, in her Turn, ſince he had ſet her the Example, for this End ſhe inſtructs him what kind of a Friendſhip his muſt be to pleaſe her, that his Wiſhes muſt be Temperate and Cool, and that he muſt preſcribe Rules to his Fondneſs. She owns the Task to be difficult, but at the ſame Time requires his Obedience, and propoſes her ſelf for his Example, aſſerting that ſhe is a Philoſopher in Love; ſhe then Condemns her ſelf of Vanity and Folly, for having felt ſo much as a ſingle Pleaſure in ſo fine a Gentlemans Courtſhip, even at thoſe Years which ſhe calls her defenceleſs Youth, but her Heart is now Steel'd by Time and grown a perfect Stoick, ſo that unhappy STREPHON, for one ſingle Error, ſeems to have all his Courtſhip to begin a new. But when ſhe has impoſed upon him this ſevere and cruel Task, there ſtill appears ſo much remaining Kindneſs, as obligeth her to give him Encouragement enough to keep him from Deſpair in the performance. She owns that Love and Friendſhip are the only Joys of this Life, and Youth the Time in which they beſt take Root and Flouriſh, and ſays ſhe Fancies ſhe could Reſign them all. And talks very Morally of Death, but prettily inſinuates ſhe has ſome doubt whether ſhe perfectly knows her own Mind, in that Caſe, if ſhe was put to the Tryal, and to ſhow him how vaſt a Portion of Eſteem he enjoys in her Boſom; ſhe ſays that if ſhe was Dying, and encompaſſed by her dear-

eſt Friends, bathed in Tears, the laſt and only Glory ſhe ſhould then take would be, that ſhe was once loved, and had her Name ſung by him. Affection and Conſtancy is here ſo well pictured, that it gives him more room to Hope, than any thing ſhe could ſay before gave him cauſe to diſtruſt. The lines are theſe.

Lovers and Friends, thoſe only joys below,
If I thy CLIO's *Inclination know,*
And flying Youth itſelf ſhe could forego,
Half of my Sands are ebb'd, what do remain
Fall when they will, are ſcarcely worth my pain,
But when the ſolitary laſt appears,
And CLIO's *few dear Friends are bath'd in Tears,*
It will her laſt and only Glory be,
That once her Name was lov'd and Sung by thee.

I can't part with theſe Verſes before I make one Remark or two more upon the ſingular Beauty of them; I think it is the famous Mounſieur *Bruyer*, who when he had a mind to expreſs the Fondneſs that a Celebrated young Beauty had for her own Charms, is applauded for finding out this lively way of expreſſing it, *viz.* That the laſt thing a fine Young Woman thinks of when ſhe Dies, is the loſs of her Beauty. If he has rightly judged the Temper of a Woman, we may Argue from hence the exceſs of Fondneſs in theſe Verſes, where a Young Beautiful Woman aſſures her Lover, that the laſt thing ſhe ſhall think of, or glory in, will not be her own Charms, but his Wit and the Love and Eſteem he bore her. Some Criticks who

are

are of a more Moroſe Temper than I, who are more given to ſearch after Faults than commend Excellencies (and when they do commend, they do it very ſparingly) may blame me for dwelling ſo long upon this Paſſage; but I think I ſhall ſufficiently anſwer them, by telling them that TIBULLUS and OVID, who were the Maſters of this kind of Epiſtolary and Elegiack Poetry, are of the ſame mind with my ſelf; TIBULLUS was the firſt Author of two Verſes, the which CLIO's reſemble in his firſt Elegy, the latter Part of which is addreſt to his DELIA.

Te Spectem, ſuprema mihi cum venerit hora
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.

Which I take the liberty thus to Tranſlate,

Oh! may theſe Eyes, while thine divinely blaze,
Fix on their Luſtre, at my Dying gaze,
And cloſing ſnatch the beauties of thy Face.
Theſe hands, when all their force the Nerves reſign,
At the laſt tremble, ſhall be graſping thine.

OVID, in his Ninth Elegy of the third Book on the Death of TIBULLUS, ſhows that he was perfectly affected with the beauty of theſe Lines, above any other in TIBULLUS's Works, by quoting the Senſe of them in his Praiſe, in the following Lines.

DELIA diſcedens, Felicius, inquit, amata
Sum tibi: Vixiſti dum, tuus ignis eram.

Cui

Cui NEMESIS, Quid, ait, tibi ſint mea damna dolori?
Me tenuit moriens deficiente manu.

Thus Engliſh'd by Major *Pack*.

DELIA *departing from the mournful Train,*
Cry'd "Hapleſs Object of my preſent Pain!
"I charm'd thee once, nor charm'd thee then in Vain;
"Vigour and Joy danc'd Sparkling in thy Ey's.
Stung with the Thought, proud NEMESIS *replies:*
"Boaſt not the Sallies of his roving Youth:
His laſt faint dying Graſp confirm'd his truth.

Twentieth LETTER, *Pag.* 99.

STREPHON's anſwer in the foregoing Letter is fill'd with a matter of freſh Complaint, ariſing from a Report which it ſeems he had heard from the Mouth of another Lady, that CLIO was actually Married or very near it, at the time ſhe gave him leave to Love; the whole is written with a Gallant kind of Diſorder, and ſhows the true perplexity of his Soul when he writ it. It ſeems to have been pen'd down by Starts juſt as Fears, Jealouſies, Rage, Hopes, Doubts, Wiſhes, and Deſires rule moſt predominantly in his Mind, and dictated by turns: He hopes and Deſpairs; he Believes and is not willing to Believe; the Story in one Breath, as I may ſay, (that is in one period.) I fancy I ſee him writing before me when I read the following Lines.

If

If what I've heard (O Clio*) ſhould be true,*
Me have the Fates ſtrove rightly to undo,
And Wit was moſt ſincerely plac'd in you.
I've heard (I wiſh I had not Ears to hear,
Or elſe more Patience, what I've heard, to bear:)
I've heard, by Heav'ns! I have from ſtrong report,
You wedded, when you gave me leave to Court.
You did not, could not, 'tis Adult'rate News,
Credit I did, and I do ſtill refuſe,
Bright was the Dame, that did thoſe Tidings bear,
And if Maids can be falſe, that are ſo fair,
There mayn't—Yes—may be room for my Deſpair.

This laſt line has an inimitable beauty in the ſudden break, and the juſt reverting of the ſelf ſame Thought.

After this, as if he takes it for granted, he expoſtulates with her upon her conceiv'd Falſhood, very warmly calls her the dear Blaſter of his Youth; ſays, That if he ſhould live, he fears he ſhould ſay ſomewhat harſh of a Name, tho' ſtill dear to him, (tho' confeſſing it would be a madneſs ſo to do) and conjures her therefore to tell him the fatal Truth, that ſome other Perſon is happy in the Enjoyment of her; and ſignifies, that the News coming from her own Mouth would be the beſt Expedient to keep him from complaining of the Cruelty he had met with, by ſtriking him dead at once. All theſe Paſſions are hit off at ſuch a Heat, that they are better felt than deſcrib'd, as your ſelf may judge from his own Words.

If

If it be true, dear blaſter of my Youth,
Tho' you muſt bluſh, yet own the ſtabbing Truth.
For ſhould I live perhaps another Day,
I ſomewhat harſh of thy dear Name might ſay;
Strike dumb that Madneſs, and, to lay me dead,
Tell me ſome happy Swain enjoys thy Bed:
Priding in Truth, I'll my laſt Hours employ,
Smile in the Pangs of Death, and wiſh the Joy.

The too laſt Lines are a Copy of the ſame beautiful Inſinuation of his Conſtancy in Death, as thoſe Lines of hers were, which I Remark'd upon at the Concluſion of the *twentieth Letter*; and he Copies them with as much Juſtneſs and Eloquence from her, as OVID did his, which are, in the ſame Place, quoted from TIBULLUS.

Twenty firſt LETTER, *Page* 107.

BY CLIO's Proſe Letter, which follows, it appears that ſhe made him do Penance ſufficiently for this Tranſgreſſion, in obliging him to write at leaſt twenty Letters to excuſe himſelf, for giving ſo eaſy a Credit to ſo falſe a Report. It would be a long Work to point out the ſeveral artful Turns in this Letter of hers, wherein ſhe ſigns his Pardon; for ſtrokes of Wit and Humour abound in every Line, and I refer you to it, not doubting but you will find the ſame Pleaſure in reading it as I did.

Twenty

Twenty ſecond LETTER, *Pag.* 109.

IN STREPHON's Reply to this, I find nothing Remarkable; but only in order to connect the Senſe of the Epiſtles together: I ſhall obſerve he took her Diſpleaſure, and ſome of his own private Misfortunes ſo much to Heart, that he fell ſick upon it; deſires ſome Verſes from her as the beſt Comfort to a diſtemper'd Mind; and begs, in order to confirm his Recovery, he may have leave to ſee her.

Twenty third LETTER, *Pag.* 110.

CLIO in her next is very indulgent; ſhe tells him, That ſhe mourns for him her ſelf, as is natural to Souls that are ally'd by the ſame Genius and Inclinations; and asks Pardon very prettily indeed for what ſhe calls her Ambition, of bearing ſuch an Alliance of Mind to him; ſhe even invites him to come to her, and make her a Sharer of his Sorrows.

Twenty fourth LETTER, *Pag.* 115.

STREPHON, in his reply to this Letter, boaſts of his being very much recover'd and reviv'd, but that his Genius ſtill retains too great a Damp from his late Afflictions to be able to anſwer her in Verſe; and that before it can be brightned up again, he muſt derive a new *Inſpiration* from the ſight of her. He ſends her however a Poem upon *Buckingham* Houſe, which he Wrote a Year before, and I think it great pity that ſuch a Poem as that ſhould have been loſt, which ſhe thinks fit ſo warmly to commend in the Verſes, which ſhe has Written thereon; they begin at *Pag.*

117, and are all so Admirable in themselves, that were to give them their due Applause, I should be obliged to quote them here as one entire continued Beauty, I must beg leave, therefore to be excused for contenting my self with singling out the Ten last Verses only, which conclude the Poem, and which I take to be written exactly in the Addisonian manner.

PHOEBUS *the God of Musick and of Thought,*
Shall guard the Wonders, he himself has wrought.
When his fierce steads drive to the last great Day,
And o'er the melting Clouds bound swift away,
When from their guilded Harness they shall Fly,
And bear to Earth the Light'ning of the Sky.

Then Common Verse.

Expiring shall assist the mighty Flame.
Thine shall unwounded be convey'd above.
And teach the Angels how to Sing and Love.

Twenty fifth LETTER, *Page* 123.

AT last our Lovers are met, and they both give us indeed an elagant Account of their Interview. Some in this Place would expect STREPHON at least to be a little more than ordinary Luscious in his Expressions; but we find his wonted Modesty still prevails, but not so far as to deprive him of a Lovers warmth, he draws Beauties where they should be drawn, from all the natural Circumstances attending the Visit. The very Time of Year, the Climate she lives

lives in, the Illneſs he is ſo lately recovered from, his own private Misfortunes, are all made the Inſtruments of her Praiſe, and as his Fancy took its firſt new Vigour from her Benevolence; he invokes her as a Muſe, as ſhe bears the Name of one in the Beginning of his Poem: And truly afterwards he ſeems to have received the Inſpiration he had implor'd, he even Rivals the very Excellency of his Miſtreſs and writes beyond himſelf, he makes good his Words in a former Letter, where he Propheſied this of himſelf in the following Words, *viz.* I think what I ſhall want in Genius, will be ſo much more than made up by the Subject, that I ſhall not (in that one Poem in the interview) be afraid of being compared with TIBULLUS, CATULLUS PROPERTIUS, AUSONIUS, or even the great OVID himſelf, or of being thought a Writer inferior to the beſt of them: I will not incert any of it here, but I venture to make this Judgment upon the whole my ſelf, that every ſingle Line contains a new Beauty; and I don't at all doubt but I ſhall have the Satisfaction to hear my Judgment confirmed by that of the more Learned, If the Interview of STREPHON juſtly deſerves this Praiſe, I need not Attempt to make any farther Panygerick upon CLIOS, then this; that as he has been ſuperiour to himſelf in his Compoſition, ſo ſhe at leaſt is equal to her ſelf in hers, and when ſhe is equal to her ſelf, I know no Female Author deſerves a ſuperiour Character, not excepting the ORINDA and ASTREA, ſhe ſpeaks off in it who were an Honour to our Engliſh Nation, nor MADAM DACIER who is an Ornament to the French.

I have been long in my Criticiſm, but hope it will be excuſed upon this Conſideration, that altho' I give it the Title of a ſingle Letter, yet it contains Remarks uqon more than Twenty. If in Reading thoſe you meet with the ſame Satisfaction and Pleaſure as I did

I ſhall

I ſhall content my ſelf with having barely recommended them to your peruſal, without deſiring any further Applauſe of my Manner of doing it, than knowing that you Excuſe this and Approve thoſe. If I have not been ſo accurate in my Expreſſions, as a Criticiſm upon a Peice of Poetry might ſeem to requíre, I am ſure you have Humanity enough to let me plead my Familiarity with you, as a good Reaſon why I did not Study them better; ſince a Man ought never to Study what he has to ſay, but always to write as he talks to his Friend. If the Criticiſm upon the Poeſy happens to mark out more Beauties than may ſeem ſo to Perſons of a thorough Poetical Taſt, I can pleaſe my ſelf with this Conſideration, at leaſt, that I have ſcarce ſingled out one Paſſage, wherein the Sentiments contained carry not with them a delicate Taſt of Friendſhip, Love, or Morals, or wherein the Expreſſions have not a happy Turn of gentele Raillery, and are always delivered with Courtly Manners.

I ſhall conclude therefore with ſaying of them the very ſame Thing that the ingenious MAJOR PACK has ſaid of the Roman Elegiack Poets in his Eſſay.

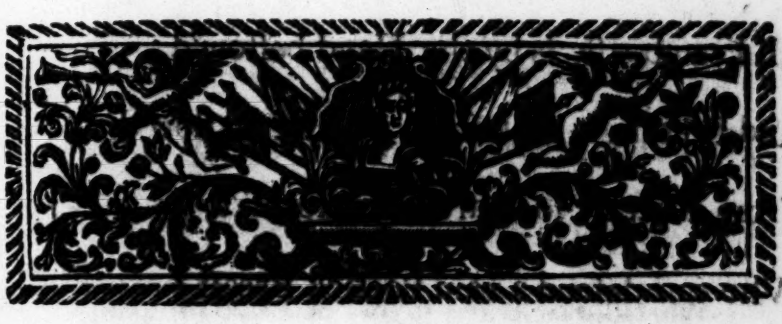
" From the little draft of their Characters, one may " judge how Edifying any of their Compoſitions " muſt needs be to an elegant Underſtanding. And " indeed what ſincerity in Friendſhip, what fondneſs " in Love, what kindneſs to Relations, what Inſtan- " ces of all the Social Virtues do we not meet with " in theſe Writings? not to mention a Thouſand or- " naments of Wit, a wonderful Sweetneſs and eaſy " Cadence in their Numbers, and ſo true a Picture of " Life and Love, that will recommend the Manners " of this Age to Poſterity. I am,

Sir,

Your moſt Devoted and Obliged Humble Servant.

JOHN PORTER.

BRITISH 7 AP 78 MUSEUM



THE EPISTLES OF CLIO *and* STREPHON.

TO STREPHON,

Who having had a true Description of CLIO's *Person, by a Lady from whom he first received* CLIO's *Verses in Commendation of a Book which he had published, sends a Letter signifying his Desire to see her.*

N. B. The two first Copies of Verses are mislaid, and not to be found.

PROUD to be prais'd by thy excelling Pen,
With partial Eyes I view my Form again;
Yet nothing there to my Advantage find,
But the good Humour glowing in my Mind,
Which thy inspiring Verse had left behind.

All I can boaſt, is by thy Hand beſtow'd;
And I return it back from whence it flow'd.
From Flatt'ry ſo ſo artfully expreſs't,
Who can defend a vain Poetick Breaſt?
In ſofteſt Sounds 'tis to the Heart apply'd:
Ah! who can be inſenſible of Pride?
If thy great Sire would crown my ſoft Deſign,
I'd raiſe thy Vanity, as thou do'ſt mine.
To riſe in Verſe my Thought has vainly try'd,
Apollo's thine, and partial to thy Side.
No Beam upon my barren Fancy ſhines;
They're all contracted to thy ſtronger Lines.
Thy Fame and Merit, equally ſecure
Would bear ——but how ſhould I the Teſt endure
All o'er Confuſion I thy Eyes ſhould meet,
And bluſhing, from the nice Survey retreat.
Far from the Picture thy bright Pencil wrought
I ſhould, by thee, as by my ſelf, be thought:

ſhould a Coward grow, and ſink with Fear,
ho' Diſtance gives me ſome Aſſurance here:
ut Heav'n forbid that you ſhould ever ſee
hat *Outſide*, which the *vulgar* World calls *Me*.
ruſt me, bright Youth, no Danger would appear,
r to your Eyes, or your well-judging Ear.
ature has been ungentle to my Face,
ith artleſs Fingers ſhadow'd ev'ry Grace:
Deep has ſhe left her cruel Marks behind,
if ſhe meant to ſcarr my very Mind.
y Skin ſhe ſully'd with a ſallow Hue,
at ſcarce my Soul is ſeen to ſparkle thro';
ittle Voice my kinder Stars have lent,
which they mean to huſh my Diſcontent;
e could I ſcarce my Imperfections bear,
unpleaſing Perſon, and my Peaſant Air.

The Lady had the Small-Pox but a very Little.

Nor can I at the odious Glass attend,
In hopes these hapless Features to befriend:
Careless and dull, I've scarce a Wish to please;
Fond of this Solitude and humble Ease.
Here I forget my own unlovely Form,
Laugh at the World, too low to feel the Storm,
Which does the potent Bustlers oft invade,
And shakes the taller Poplars of the Shade.
Happy and Rich, if my mean Song can raise
Thy Pleasure, or excite thy tuneful Lays.
Whate'er thy Person be, I shall o'er pass;
Who would throw Diamonds by, to look on Glass?
Or who would mind the Stars imperfect Light,
When the great God of Day attracts the Sight?

CLI

AN EPISTLE FROM STREPHON *to* CLIO,

Wherein he ſends his Soul before to prepare her, and tell her the indifferent Figure of his whole Perſon, that ſhe might not be ſurpriz'd when he came to ſee her.

WHen CLIO's laſt he firſt began to read;
Thus ſighing to himſelf, her STREPHON ſaid,
Sighing as if that Sigh foretold him dead.

Well then thou pant'ſt (my Soul!) thou would'ſt depart,
From STREPHON's Breaſt, and fly to CLIO's Heart;

Yet learn (my Soul) and oh! betimes beware,
Too well thou know'ſt the Danger of the Snare,
How weak thy ſelf, how powerful the Fair.
If go thou wilt, in this laſt Breath be gone,
But ſtrive, be ſure, ſtrive hard, or thou'rt undone.

When CLIO's Lines a freſh thy STREPHON read,
Thus his Soul anſw'ring to thy STREPHON ſaid;
To STREPHON then half languiſhing, half dead.

Yes, tho' ſhe's born by Nature to ſubdue,
By Heav'ns, 'tis glorious Fate — and I'll purſue;
Conquer ſhe can — but ſure ſhe can't undoe.
But if ſhe *can* — and *will* — I'll be her *Prize*;
For if my *Niggard Stars* wont let me *Riſe*,
Oh! let me *fall* by CLIO's *brighter* Eyes.

Juſt at theſe Words he felt his Strength decay,
And ſinking in a Trance, he ſtrove to ſay,
Oh! bear theſe Words, my Soul, then fleet away.

Tell her, in this, her STREPHON did enroll,
With tend'reſt Wiſhes, his departing Soul.
Oh! beg her take thee to an Angel's Reſt,
And fold thee kindly in her balmy Breaſt.
Tell her, their Spirit to her Soul ſhall cleave,
When on her Breaſt the panting Verſes heave:
Then if thy Body ling'ring comes behind,
To ſeek its Treaſure, and its Soul to find;
Oh! tell her by what am'rous Marks 'tis known,
Leſt its thin Frame be ſhiver'd by her Frown:
Tell her, that as in ſome Poetick Scene
Ghoſts are deſcrib'd to skim along the Green;
So, if ſhe e'er deſcries on *Denni's* Plain
A tall and thin, a pale dejected Man,
Awkward in Port, and overwhelm'd with Spleen,
In whom the Image of Deſpair is ſeen;
Tell her, with Anger not to arm her Eye,
But pleading Mercy —— whiſper — *That* is *I.*

Say, that thus far I of that Figure boaſt,
That CLIO got the Soul, and made the Ghoſt.
If with her Smile ſhe will that Loſs repair,
I'll mend and alter that dejected Air.
Bid her with Tenderneſs the Viſion uſe,
And be my Miſtreſs as She is my Muſe.
Say, you my ſoft Ambaſſador was ſent,
To beg her Boſom for my eaſy Tent;
That, like a trembling Bird by Parents loſt,
Harm'd by ungentle Hands or nipping Froſt;
Pining I muſt, and melancholly ſtray,
Till Love, and ſhe, revive and make me gay.
I'll do it all, the Soul departing ſaid,
And bid the Body fall entirely dead.

STREPHON

CLIO's *ANSWER*

By way of DREAM,

In her fine Garden on the Plain of St. Dennis.

SAy, by what mighty Pow'rs harmonious Bond
Our Spirits ſympathize and correſpond?
As thy ſoft Soul departed from thy Breaſt,
Mine, with unuſual Tenderneſs oppreſt,
Repos'd within a melancholly Shade,
Where Nature has my little Study made:
Cloſe are the Boughs to one another join'd,
That only CLIO can an Entrance find.

Sad

Sad PHILOMELA had begun her Song;
And Love and Muſick warbl'd on her Tongue:
Tho' of her Lover ſhe ſo ſweetly plains,
To thine, oh! how inferiour are her Strains!
Charm'd by thy Verſe, and by her Songs to Reſt,
My yielding Eyes the God of Sleep confeſt:
But tho' his Leaden Rod triumphant reign'd,
My grateful Hand with Care thy Lines contain'd.
Methought I heard a tuneful Voice behind,
Oh! where ſhall I the gentle CLIO find?
Guide me, ſweet Boy, for thou haſt made me blind.
Soft was the Sound, as Winds that bruſh the Graſs,
And ſighing o'er the falling Bloſſoms paſs;
Or as poor *Eccho*'s Voice, when out of Breath,
Her panting Lungs have ſigh'd themſelves to Death.
The gloomy Arbour ſuddenly grew bright,
And I beheld a lovly Youth in white,
Supported by two Gods, both Strangers to my Sight.

They

They both were crown'd, methoughts, but diff'rent ways;
The one with Lovers Tears, and one with Bays:
But as I gaz'd, an Arrow ſtraight appear'd,
My Heart beat faſt, and for its Safety fear'd.
Oft had I ſeen the Boy on Canvas glow,
But ſcarce e'er felt the Power of his Bow.
APOLLO led thee trembling to my Feet;
I roſe methought, thy lovely Form to meet;
And as my Eyes more curiouſly ſurvey'd,
I ſaw thy Robe of deathleſs Numbers made,
Which, as you graceful mov'd, around you play'd,
Your languid Eyes were to the Earth declin'd;
Yet, as they downward bent, the Muſes ſhin'd:
The am'rous Myrtle bloom'd upon thy Breaſt,
And thus thy tuneful Soul it ſelf expreſt.
A Trembling Bird, that has its Parents loſt,
Wounded by cruel Hands and nipping Froſt;

Pining,

Pining, alas! I melancholly ſtray,

Till Love and CLIO ſmile and make me gay.

From STREPHON's Boſom I this Night am fled;

Aloud I cry'd, Is then my Poet dead?

My Arms I folded, and declin'd my Head.

Adieu ſweet Poetry! Expire my Lays,

Or only Live to Sigh and Sing his Praiſe.

A finer Voice no Youth could ever boaſt,

He charm'd the World, but CLIO's Heart the moſt.

Oh! that my Fate would one Requeſt allow;

I've heard of Tranſmigration, grant one now:

Permit his Soul to dwell in CLIO's Breaſt,

Let hers depart, and fly away to Reſt;

For it is weary of this wretched Clay,

Wants higher Joys, and longs to wing away.

Sure, there are better Worlds, than this, above,

Where there is Innocence and faithful Love:

Small

Small Diff'rence 'tween our Boſoms would be known:
For CLIO's Paſſions all are like his own.

Here Sorrow, ſuch as Verſe can hardly paint,
With held my Voice, and made my Spirits faint;
I wak'd, and found my lovely Viſion fled,
And ſigh'd, as I forſook my graſſy Bed,
Oh! Live my STREPHON, 'till I wiſh thee dead.

CLIO.

Going

Small Diff'rence 'tween our Bofoms would be known:
For CLIO's Paffions all are like his own.

Here Sorrow, fuch as Verfe can hardly paint,
With bold my Voice, and made my Spirits faint;
I wak'd, and found my lovely Vifion fled,
And figh'd, as I forfook my gratly Bed,
Oh! Live my STREPHON, 'till I with thee dead.

CLIO.

Going with an Intent to see CLIO,
But not bold enough to Inquire for her;

OR,

The COMBAT between HOPE and FEAR.

BLess me! How strange the Hearts of Men are made,
This moment bold, and yet the next afraid!
With what vast Joys, what Ecstasies, inspir'd,
Did I propose to see whom I admir'd?
Big with vain Hopes I march'd securely on,
And thought I'd Courage to be *so* undone.

But

But when I reach'd the Confines of the Place,
To which, tho' graceful, thou do'ſt add new Grace,
My beating Heart began to ſink apace;
How did it pant with Joy, and wiſh 'twas near,
And yet, when 'twas ſo, palpitate with Fear?

Now by thy Charms allur'd, I ſeek the Track;
Arm'd with freſh Hopes, freſh Fears affright me back.
Thy awful Beauties, in my Mind, I view,
And Hopes and Fears alternately ſubdue.

'Twas in that doubtful Hour of Love-debate,
When now I courted, and then ſhunn'd my Fate:
'Twas then (my Conqu'rour!) that before my Sight
My Thoughts preſented thee divinely bright:
'Twas then, that all thy mighty ſelf appear'd,
Like *Venus* lov'd, but like *Minerva* fear'd.
All the three Graces triumph'd in thy Face,
And in thine Eyes did Light'ning Glories blaze:

hen on my ſelf I caſt a low Regard,
nd ask'd my Boſom how it ſtood prepar'd?
hat Merits it could boaſt, that Humble *I*
ould riſque the Vengeance of that pow'rful Eye?

t told me, 'twas prophane to wiſh thee Joy,
d Light'nings, what they gilded, might deſtroy.
My Fears were to a Gyant's Stature grown,
l not a Wiſh I dar'd to call my own;
gonies confus'd, my Heart was toſt,
all my Hopes were in a Pannick loſt.
s, ſtrange myſterious Cowardice in Love!
ſe the Minutes which I ſhould improve.
ove to Death with her I never ſaw;
to ſee —— and e'er I ſee withdraw.

So the bold Boy, untrain'd to Martial Art,
Proud of the youthful Blood that warms his Heart
With ſome great Hero's written Worth inſpir'd,
By borrow'd more than real Courage fir'd,
Flies to a Siege, and thirſty for Renown,
With his own Hand he takes, in Thought, the Tow
But when the Light'nings blaze, and Thunders roar
Wiſhes the Safety he deſpis'd before.

Yet as the Youth once frightned with Delight,
May read again, and fir'd again may fight,
'Till his Sword tracing thoſe recorded Deeds,
Tranſcribes, on yielding Walls, the Worth he re
So will I read thoſe pow'rful Lovers Arts,
Who, their own vent'ring, won fair Ladies Hearts

Mean while, remember that my Soul is loſt,
And animate with Verſe thy Lover's Ghoſt.
Thou know'ſt, thou ſaid'ſt my Form thou would'ſt
o'erpaſs,
And love the Soul amidſt its homely Caſe.
Once more, ye Heav'ns, inſpire her ſo to ſing,
And bring the News, my Angel, on thy Wing.

STREPHON.

P. S. Tho' I dare not come my ſelf, I have ventur'd to do a thing almoſt as bold, and that is, to ſend you a little Fragment of *Taſſo*, which I have tranſlated into the *Engliſh*. I believe you have read *Fairfax*, and then you will wonder perhaps, that I, who could write no better, attempted it after ſo great a Man.

Mean while, remember that my Soul is left
And animate with Love thy Lover's Ghost:
Thou know'st, when Death hath rid my Form thou would'st
o'erpass,
And love the Soul inhabit lonely Cage.
One more, Je t'en prie, implore her to flee,
And bring the News, my Angel, on thy Wing.

STREPHON.

P. S. Tho' I dare not come my self, I have ven-
tur'd to do a thing you'll as hold, and that is, to send
you a little Pamphlet, (Viz.) which I have trans-
lated into the English (believe you have read Sappho,
and then you will wonder perhaps that I, who dote
write no better, attempted to turn so great a Mas-

TO STREPHON,

On his excellent VERSES, *and on his* VERSION *of* TASSO.

O H, where ſhall I from ſuch ſweet Sounds retire!
The God of Love himſelf has tun'd his Lyre,
And taught it ev'ry Paſſion to inſpire.
With Wit, with Art, and pow'rful Flatt'ry ſtrung,
The Heav'n-born Muſes dwell upon thy Tongue;
Their beſt-lov'd *Ovid*, whom they made their Choice,
Had not a greater Skill, nor ſweeter Voice,

My Heart, tho' far from the Coquette remov'd,
Receiv'd thy Praiſe, and ſilently approv'd.
The World, which ſeem'd a Trifle to my View,
Is leſs deſpis'd, ſince 'tis adorn'd by you;
And I its empty Pleaſures could endure,
Were but my Soul of ſuch a Friend ſecure.
How few in all the Tour of Life we find,
That either can improve, or charm the Mind?
Scarce can my Thought, in all the boaſted Crowd,
Recal one Friend to make my Mem'ry proud.
Tho' much of Flattery my Youth has prov'd,
(For I have been what *others call belov'd*,)
Yet ſtill my *nicer* Inclination found
Some *happy Fault* to keep me yet *unbound*.
My Muſe has been my Pleaſure, and my Care,
And I no other Fetters wiſh to bear:
To *that*, oh gentle Bard! thy *Fondneſs* give,
And let thy *inoffencive Rival live*:

From that thou canſt no Danger apprehend,
APOLLO's thine, and ev'ry Muſe thy Friend.
No After-ages will repeat my Name,
Nor can I rob thee of thy purchas'd Fame;
Yet if thy Verſe does CLIO's Name adorn,
I wiſh her not to greater Glory born.
Secur'd by thee, what petty Bard will dare
To wound my Weakneſs when thy Guard is there?
So great thy Reputation and ſo bright,
That I ſhall ſhine, reflecting by thy Light.
So have I ſeen ſome little flying Cloud
Gilt by the Sun, a while look gay and proud;
But if its Beams their lovely Shine withdrew,
Its ſhort-liv'd Beauties ſwiftly vaniſh'd too.

Lead on, my Gen'ral, then; and I may be,
Tho' many Ranks below, inſpir'd by thee.

Beneath thy Laurels, oh! protect my Fear,
And ſhade thy little trembling Volunteer.
Perhaps CLORINDA was a Coward too,
'Till ſhe was taught to tread the Field by you,
Oh! how I emulate the *martial* Maid,
And read thy TASSO, till I'm *not* afraid!
How am I charm'd with ev'ry finiſh'd Line!
And joy that FAIRFAX' are ſo faint to thine!
You taught the Fair to wield the pointed Dart,
And ſhow'd the ſofteſt Vein in TANCRED's Heart.
Oh skill'd in Love and Verſe, thy Power employ,
To aid the dying Empire of the Boy!
He yields apace——and no TANCREDI ſhines.
But in thy Form, and thy excelling Lines.

CLIO

STREPHON

STREPHON's Anſwer, being in a DREAM:

OR,

The RECAPITULATION.

By way of DIALOGUE.

THY Verſe, which run with Down upon their Feet,

Meaſure my Hours, and make my Minutes ſweet;

And when, in reading, all the Day is ſpent,

Not all the Day can yield me full Content;

I ſtart from Bed to PHOEBE's paler Light,

And, Glutton like, devour 'em o'er at Night;

Then

Then walk my lonely Chamber round and round,
And kiſs the skilful Hand, that gave the Wound.
At length, when Nature with Fatigue oppreſt,
Forces my dozing Head to ſink to Reſt,
Still my awaken'd Soul is juſt the ſame,
Unweary'd ſtill that courts thee, lovely Dame,
And to it ſelf preſents thee in a Dream.

Methought, on DENNIS' much-lov'd Plain I lay,
And Fancy turn'd the Noon of Night to Day:
PHOEBUS appear'd; Wit reign'd upon his Brow,
And Wits Reward, the ſacred Lawrel-Bough:
The Genial God thro' ev'ry Feature ſmil'd,
And with theſe Promiſes my Ears beguil'd.

Study, well-omen'd Bard, thy Voice improve,
Mine gain'd but *Lawrels*, *thine* ſhall gain thee *Love*.

Wrapp'd

Wrapp'd with the Prophecy my Harp I ſtrung,
And, what I can't awake, aſleep I ſung:
Sweet was the Song, for CLIO was the Theme,
CLIO! my Love! my Wiſh! my Bliſs! my Fame!
My Song rewarding to my vaſt Surprize,
The witty Fair one danc'd before my Eyes:
The Viſion ſtruck me with religious Awe,
As when their Goddeſſes old Poets ſaw.

With Eyes as radiant as the Beams of Day,
Blooming with Heav'n-born Youth, and ſprightly Gay,
Thus, my dear CLIO ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay.

CLIO.

Oh! where ſhall I from ſuch ſweet Sounds retire?
The God of Love himſelf has tun'd thy Lyre,
And taught it ev'ry Paſſion to inſpire.

That

That Ovid, whom the Muſes made their Choice,
Had not a greater Skill, nor ſweeter Voice:

STREPHON.

Oh! never, Clio, never hence retire,
Thee gone (for thou, Love's Goddeſs, do'ſt inſpire,)
Dumb muſt my Tongue be, and unſtrung my Lyre.
The am'rous Ovid ne'er had ſuch a Choice
Of Wit and Beauty to employ his Voice:
Hadſt thou been born to bleſs his happy Days,
No Name but Clio had adorn'd his Lays.
Oh! tell me, can thy Soul be e'er inclin'd,
That is *ſo witty*, to be *half* as *kind*?
Canſt thou not, tell me, can'ſt thou not improve
Thy *Wit* with *Tenderneſs*, and ſtoop to *Love*.
To Love a Man, who to his *laſt Hour*'s End
Would ſtudy *hourly* to be *more* thy Friend?

CLIO.

CLIO.

How *few* in all the Tour of Life we find,
That either can *improve* or *charm* the Mind?
Scarce can my Thought, in all the boasted Crowd,
Recal *one Friend* to make my Mem'ry *proud.*

STREPHON.

No wonder, CLIO, thou so few shouldst see
Pleasing, for Pleasure is confin'd to thee:
Crowds of Admirers ne'er should make thee vain
But they may boast, that by thy Charms are slain.
So not the God, to whom Perfumes arise,
With od'rous Pray'r, and welcome Sacrifice;
Not He is honour'd, but the Man that prays,
Because a Deity accepts his Praise.
Be thou my Saint thy Altars I'll adorn,
And each new Day, new Incense will I burn;

Be

Be thou my Angel, thou, like Angels fair,
Then will I pary, and thou ſhall't hear my Pray'r.

CLIO.

Though much of Flattery my Youth has prov'd,
For I have been what others call belov'd)
Yet——

STREPHON.

Have been belov'd! belov'd thoul't ever be,
While I have Ears to hear, or Eyes to ſee.
For in thy Form, and in thy Voice I find,
All that can pleaſe the Eye, or charm the Mind.
But how can I, unhappy, hope to gain
Her that has been ſo lov'd,—but lov'd in vain?

CLIO.

CLIO.

Yet ſtill, my nicer Inclination found
Some happy Fault to keep me yet unbound.

STREPHON.

Happy thoſe Faults I ever ſhall eſteem,
That for my ſake reſerv'd thee ſafe from them;
Who elſe had triumph'd in that boundleſs Joy,
That does my Thoughts and ev'ry Wiſh employ.
Of all my Faults one Fault alone thoul't prove,
If that be one, *Extravagance in Love.*
That you'll forgive; for Love ſhould ever riſe
Proportion'd, as its Objects fair and wiſe;
And ſure, if Love ſhould like thy Merits be,
No Love can ever be too great for thee.

CLIO.

CLIO.

My Muſe has been my Pleaſure and my Care,
And I no other Fetters wiſh to bear:
To that, oh gentle Bard! thy Fondneſs give,
And let thy inoffenſive Rival live;
From that thou can'ſt no Danger apprehend;
APOLLO's thine, and ev'ry Muſe thy Friend.
No After-ages will repeat my Name,
Nor can I rob thee of thy purchas'd Fame;
Yet if thy Verſe does CLIO's Name adorn,
I wiſh her not to greater Glory born.

STREPHON.

CLIO is all my Pleaſure and my Care,
And I no other's Fetters wiſh to wear:
To me then, CLIO, all thy Fondneſs give,
And let thy trueſt, tend'reſt Lover live.

Of that I can no Danger apprehend,
If ev'ry Muſe is, as thou ſay'ſt, my Friend;
Heav'n knows, of all the Nine, but One I chuſe,
Ye Heav'ns! Let CLIO be that friendly Muſe;
Then future Ages will repeat my Name,
For, if ſhe'd wear it, ſhe would give it Fame.

CLIO.

My Heart, tho' far from the Coquette remov'd,
Receiv'd thy Praiſe, and ſilently approv'd.
The World, which ſeem'd a Trifle to my View,
Is leſs deſpis'd, ſince'tis adorn'd by you;
And I its empty Pleaſures could indure,
Were but my Soul of ſuch a Friend ſecure.

STREPHON.

I juſt was going full of Joy to tell,
That my fond Soul would in her Boſom dwell

For an Eternity——But Fortune's Spight
Juſt at that Moment tore her from my Sight,
Finiſh'd my Dream, and made me Sigh all Night.

Yet, PHOEBUS, yet thy Prophecy I'll prove,
For Dreams, thy Poets ſay, deſcend from *Jove*.
Then I'll purſue the Bleſſing of my Dream
O'er *Dennis* Plain, and view the lovely Dame.

STREPHON.

To STREPHON;

In Answer to the foregoing LETTER, *which was kept a whole Month by a Lady, to whom the Care of it was intrusted, before it was delivered to* CLIO.

MY Eyes wept o'er the Verse that stray'd so long,
What Hand could rudely treat thy charming Song?
Scarce can my angry Heart forgive the Wrong.
It bleeds within me, while thou sadly plains,
It feels thy Voice, and softens at thy Strains.

I flew to ſtill them, as the tender Dam
Haſtes to the Bleatings of her fav'rite Lamb.
What have thy Numbers ſuffer'd for my ſake!
Oh, how ſhall I a juſt Attonement make!
I mourn their Sweetneſs was ſo much diſtreſt,
And lay *the wounded Beauties* to my Breaſt.
From *them* I will no *hidden Dangers* fear,
They will not *harm* thy LITTLE TREMBLER *here*.

I read thy Soul; tho' to thy Form unknown,
And gueſs its gentle Temper by my own.
Thou art compaſſionate, as Angels are,
And haſt of friendleſs Innocence a Care:
To *beauteous Chaſtity* I ſee thee *bend*,
The *Goddeſs* does into thy Soul deſcend,
And with victorious Chaplets crowns my Friend.
Thy temp'rate Veins do with *her* Licence move,
For *ſhe* allows of *Poetry* and *Love*,
Which, as ſweet WALLER ſings, is *all* they do *above*.

With

With *modeſt* Warmth, *ſhe* gives them *Leave* to beat,
Nor bids *me* diſapprove the *God-like* Heat.
I hear *thy* Song with *innocent* Delight,
Nor *chide* the *ſoft Deluſions* of the *Night*;
I *bleſs* the *God* who to *thy Dreams* is *kind*,
Still may *my Image* dance before *thy Mind*,
And in *thy Sleep* thy *fairy Temples* bind.
Let CLIO's Fingers with the *Muſes* join,
Let grateful CLIO make her Poet fine,
Whoſe Verſe has made her humble Merit ſhine.
Bluſh not, ye PRUDES, to hear my *modeſt* Praiſe,
Who ne'er have *felt* the *Magick* of his Lays;
In Forms delightful may I ſtill appear,
For ever may *he Dream*, and *I* for ever *Hear!*
The Laurel and the Bays to thee I'll give,
Let CLIO only in thy Numbers live.
To ev'ry Thought of thine I'll lay a Claim,
I'll give thee Friendſhip, thou muſt give me Fame.

With Tenderneſs I will thy Preſents uſe,
And be a Mother to thy tuneful Muſe.
The ſoft Ambaſſadors you hither ſent
Now ſleep at eaſe, my Boſom is their Tent.
Like trembling Birds, who have their Parents loſt,
Harm'd by ungentle Hands or nipping Froſt,
Pining alas! they melancholly ſtray'd,
'Till Love and I reviv'd them in this Shade.
My guardian Angel ſhould have been their Guide,
And to his Wings thy am'rous Paper ty'd:
In bearing of the glorious Sheets along,
APOLLO would have caught the flying Song;
And, as he cut along the lower Sky,
Thy Verſe had taught his Pinions how to fly.
Here, it with Peace and rural Sports ſhall dwell,
I, for its Maſter's ſake, will treat it well:
But let not her you Praiſe a Flatt'rer be,
'Tis rather for its ſake I'm kind to thee.

Thou

Thou art a Judge, Oh ſweet excelling Youth!
And canſt, perhaps, forgive an honeſt Truth.
In ev'ry Line I ſee thy Features glow,
From ev'ry Thought, thy Shape, thy Air, I know,
I ſee the Joy, with which thy Cheeks are dreſt,
When any Turn is happily expreſt;
The Pow'r of Verſe my raviſh'd Soul has prov'd,
So canſt thou charm, and ſo is CLIO mov'd.
What artful Methods the Poetick find,
To ſteal themſelves into the Reader's Mind?
I ſhould receive thy *dang'rous Wit* with *Care*,
For, oh! the *Poet* lies in *Ambuſh* there.
I ſee, I hear thee, thy perſwaſive Art!
Oh! keep thy Verſe, and let me keep my Heart;
Or if, oh gentle Bard! thou art my Friend,
While thou attack'ſt, inſtruct me to defend.

CLIO.

CLIO.

The Letter to which this Anſwer is made was Loſt.

TO

STREPHON.

SUCH Verſe as thine, all Forms can pleaſing make,
And whatſoever one you like to take,
Is pleaſing to me for my Poet's Sake,
Even thy Ghoſt is Charming to my Sight,
Whilſt it appears adorn'd in Black and White,

Not

Not all the gaudy Colours of the East,
Could to my Eyes be ſuch a Perfect Feaſt,
Of other Spirits I am much afraid,
But walk with thine and court the Gentle Shade,
Whene'er the buiſy World is lain to Reſt,
I fly unſeen to thy ætherial Breaſt,
Alone at Midnight I Converſe with thee,
And VENUS lends her Brighter Beams to me,
The *Stars* Shine forth, they once were Lovers to,
And all the *Planets* ſure are brib'd by you,
Thy Body muſt not all our Meetings know,
For that's a Man, and therefore is my Foe.
Ah! tell it not that I can write ſo kind,
It will be jealous of thy purer Mind,
And fondly will attempt to claim ſome Part,
And rob it's Rival Shadow of my Heart,
Oft' have I Pray'd, and Heav'n has heard my Pray'r,
To grant a Lover made like thee of Air,

For I am tir'd with being long purſu'd,
By low Deſires of Mortal Fleſh and Blood,
A greater Complement you cou'd not Pay,
Than throwing all the Droſs of Love away,
Then coming to my Boſom thus refin'd,
And leaving Sex and Intereſt behind.
What Tell-tale *Sylph familiar* to my Heart,
Cou'd this dear Secret to thy Ear impart,
One way there was my nicer Taſte to move,
And that alone was Numbers dreſt in Love,
No Golden Show'rs, cou'd here a Conqueſt gain
I have beheld thoſe Trifles with Diſdain;
Vice I have ſeen in gaudy Triumph ſhine,
And Man ſurvey'd in ev'ry mean Deſign;
Low at my Feet I've ſeen theſe Monarchs lye,
And askt my bluſhing Soul, the Reaſon why;
Youth or Gay Looks have made the *Wretches* Bend,
And *Slaves* a While, in order to aſcend;

But yet my harmleſs Pity I let fall,
To ſee theſe mighty Maſters of the Ball,
Obedient to a Short-liv'd Beauty's Call.
Such Earthly Paſſions, Virtue needs muſt blame,
But Thine is ſure a more tranſcendent Flame,
For which e'vn Love it Self's too mean a Name.
Oh! let it then for Heav'nly Friendſhip go,
Such as good Souls retain for Friends below,
Such! as thine wou'd, for happ'leſs CLIO find,
Shou'd you aſcend and leave her here behind.
By Heav'n thou art Inſpir'd, for ſomething more
Shines in thy Verſe, than I have found before,
Humour and *Wit* I have with Pleaſure found,
But thine is with a pow'rful Softneſs crown'd,
From which I muſt my liſt'ning Senſes guard,
Oh! aſk not my Repoſe for thy Reward,

E'er

E'er I behold Thee, let me here compound,
Retire, Retire, Methinks I hear the Sound,
But oh! my feet are faſtn'd to the Ground,
Such force has Verſe when guided by thy hand,
It does each *Atom* of my Soul Command.
Thus ſpeaks my Soul, but it alas! is join'd,
To human Clay, which is to Rules confin'd,
And thou thy Self wou'd chide it if too kind,
Yet whatſoever rigid Form attends,
Let us at leaſt——Eternally be Friends,
And I intreat thee, oh! my Charming Spright,
In Verſe to viſit CLIO ev'ry Night.

CLIO.

STREPHON

STREPHON TO CLIO.

My CLIO,

I Have been made this day the moſt Unhappy of Men. A fellow of a very ſour Countenance, who was certainly born in an ill Hour, or his Tongue could never have told ſo much bad News in ſo few Words, inform'd me that my CLIO was very much Indiſpoſed. Death with his Scythe in one Hand, and his Hour-glaſs in the other, ſhaking maliciouſly the few remaining Sands, and warning me that my laſt Hour was near expir'd, could not have touch'd me like this baſe Informer, who would with

with his ſawcy officious Tongue force into my unwilling Ears the Story of your wanting your Health—— I will not believe it———The Guardian Angels that attend you could not be ſo negligent as to let you be in any Air where Sickneſs could reach you.———But, for fear of the worſt, I will trouble you with no more, than firſt a Prayer to your ſelf, that you would let me know how you do, and telling you in the next place that I am upon my Knees offering up another Prayer to your Guardian Angels, that they would be more diligent in finding means of reſtoring you to your Health, than they were in preventing your Illneſs—— I ſhall ſcarce riſe from the Cuſhion my Knees are bent upon, nor unclaſp my Hands, nor ſtop my Lips from inceſſant Supplication till your Reply comes— May it be a comfortable one, and by ſignifying your Recovery, ſecure my own from a Thouſand Fears more tormenting than the Agonies of Death would be to my Dear CLIO,

Your moſt Affectionated

and Afflicted Servant,

STREPHON.

CLIO

CLIO TO STREPHON.

My FRIEND,

THE Poor Man indeed told you Truth——for I have been, and ſtill continue very Ill, tho' I am ſomewhat better, which I impute to your Prayers and Friendſhip. I am charm'd with your Eſſays, which make Religion, what it really is, the fineſt Subject upon Earth. Since my illneſs, I have Read and admired thoſe refined Notions, and am proud, He, that can think ſo divinely, ſhould think of me at all——You are very good to a Stranger, and CLIO is a Thouſand ways your Friend——believe me notwithſtanding the want of Health She

finds real pleasure thus conversing with you——You can Write tho' my Indisposition will not let Me——If it was not for illness I would not leave you so soon—— Verse is healing to the Mind.

Oh then the Sacred Remedy apply
And pleas'd I'll Live, if not, with pleasure dye.

CLIO.

T

ON

CLIO's LETTER,

Wherein she tells me of her Sickness, and received on the Night when the great Storm of Thunder and Lightening was.

LATE, on the dreadful'st of recorded Times,
In VIRGIL's Omens read in DRYDEN's Rhimes:

How CÆSAR's Death, e'er CÆSAR dead became,
Thunders proclaim'd thro' Heaven's shiv'ring Frame.

How howling *Ghosts* yell'd in the mightly Shade,
Till Tempests dropping Fire the Sprights display'd;
My Midnight Studies struck with pleasing Dread,
And Parent *Bards* I left, and sought my Bed,
When lo! incompass'd with a sudden Flame
I found their *Verse* and *Nature* were the same.
Not with Presumption, but with humble Awe,
I view'd the Sky and what I'd read I saw;
It flash'd a most intolerable Light,
And turn'd to blazing Day the *pitchy Night*.
There just receiv'd, and yet unopen'd lay
Thy Letter kept to bless the foll'wing Day:
Straight my foreboding Soul was much dismay'd,
It knew not why, but trembled for its Maid;
Fear'd what the greatest Man's Decease fore-sign'd,
Foreshew'd the sick'ning Queen of Womankind.
Frighted I ran, the doubted Letter took,
And as I broke the Seal, my Fingers shook:

But when I read that *Sickneſs* harm'd my Dame,
Read the ſad Tidings by the diſmal Flame,
Then, tho' then loud did JOVE's chief Thunders roll,
Far greater Tempeſts labour'd in my Soul;
And yet (my CLIO) 'midſt that Storm of Care,
Ev'n thy ſweet *Muſick* was too harſh to bear.
Yes, thy own Verſe, where Sweets Eternal reign'd,
Grew *harſh*, quite *harſh*! — thy Illneſs they contain'd.
Truſt me (my Love) I ſympathize with thee,
Now, while I write, each Nerve's in Agony:
Troops of ſad Fears make ev'ry Heart-ſtring quake,
And reigning Agues all the Fabrick Shake.
Not ſo; when all my Nerves well pleas'd did move,
While I was ſinging Tunes of thee and Love,
When on your Harp (more pleas'd) I've heard you ſing,
And ev'ry Nerve has danc'd to ev'ry String.

Now interrupting Sobs, that Muſick break,
Mute muſt each Muſe be, and mere Nature ſpeak.
But Nature can't— for Nature's overcome,
Small Sorrows ſpeak — but ſolemn Grief is dumb:
Yet if (ye Heav'ns!) if yet ye can but hear,
'Midſt the loud Storms, that deafen ev'ry Ear;
I will ſubdue my Grief and ſay one Pray'r.
When Lightning next breaks thro' the cloudy Air,
Look thro' thoſe Clouds, and when you ſee, you'll ſpare.

And you that are to me a dearer Part,
Than the laſt drop is to a bleeding Heart,
Do not, o'ercome with Spleen, the Wits Diſeaſe,
Think Heav'n will *Virtue*, *Wit*, and *Beauty* ſeize.
To think 'twould be at ſuch a vaſt Expence
As making thee, then ſnatch thee ſtraight from hence,
'Tis doing Injury to Providence.

Don't

Don't be ſo cruel to thy ſelf nor me,
Thou ſhal't not *dye* — thou ſhal't *tranſlated* be.

When Late, ah! be it late, when 'tis deſir'd,
To ſeek the heav'nly Joys, of earthly tir'd:
May ſome good Angel join his *Lips* to thine,
Thou to his Lips thy balmy Breath reſign;
He'll catch thy Soul wrapp'd in thy ſpicy Breath,
And diſappointing the grim Forms of Death:
Shall thee all ſhining to that Heav'n tranſlate
Where Spirits of thy Rank compound the State.

Here ends the Prayer, which high Heav'n appeas'd,
The Skies all open'd, and the Saints well pleas'd,
View'd her, ill Omens and the Tempeſt ceas'd.

STREPHON:

Don't be so cruel to thy self nor me,
Thou shal't not dye — thou shal't translated be.

When Late, ah! be it late, when 'tis desir'd,
To seek the heav'nly Joys, of earthly tir'd:
May some good Angel join his Lips to thine,
Thou to his Lips thy balmy Breath resign;
He'll catch thy Soul wrapp'd in thy spicy Breath,
And disappointing the grim Forms of Death:
Shall thee all shining to that Heav'n translate
Where Spirits of thy Rank compound the State.

Here ends the Prayer, which high Heav'n appeas'd,
The Skies all open'd, and the Saints well pleas'd,
View'd her, ill Omens and the Tempest ceas'd.

STREPHON.

AN ANSWER TO CLIO,

(Who ſpeaks of Platonick Love) ſent to her juſt after her Recovery from an Indiſpoſition of Health.

TILL Sickneſs left you, till I knew you cur'd,
Did I once mention what my ſelf endur'd?
Unleſs, when pitying you with Pains oppreſt,
I pray'd, that quitting yours, they'd ſeek my Breaſt.

Now

Now, 'tis my Turn, to Name poor STREPHON's Pains,
And thine to pity now, whilſt he complains.
To thee (O CLIO!) is all Nature known,
Painted in *Verſe*, for *Poetry*'s thy own:
Thou know'ſt the Pangs of diſappointed Love
Muſt, as its Object's dearer, ſharper prove.
Thou know'ſt, that, as our Souls are tend'rer made,
Thoſe ſoft Impreſſions are the deeper laid:
That, when *coy Ladies*, Lovers Hopes controul,
They to Diſtraction drive a Manly Soul.
Thou know'ſt thy ſelf the *nobleſt* Form on Earth,
That ever gave the *nobleſt* Paſſion Birth!
Knowſt ev'ry Glory ſhines confeſt in thee,
And everlaſting Tenderneſs in me.
And, ſhall I, *dear*, *unkind*, *victorious Fair*,
Be render'd up a Prey to wild Deſpair?

Thou'lt

Thou'lt anſwer *No*,—then coldly call me,—Friend,
And, *Spirit-like*, Perhaps, my Soul commend.
If Love was only ſeated in the Mind,
As cruel now I call, I'd own thee kind.
Does not each Line, which I have written prove,
That I adore thee with redoubled Love?
That I admire thee all the Ways I can.
As Spirit much, but ſtill much more as Man?
And who wants Arguments, by which 'tis prov'd
That Heav'n fram'd *Women*, ſo to be belov'd?
Tell me not then, thou dear too cruel Fair!
Thou oft haſt pray'd, and Heav'n has heard thy Pray'r
To grant a Lover made, like me, of Air.
No—— were I Air indeed —— nay purer far.
Than the moſt pure Celeſtial *Beings* are;
By Jove himſelf! I'd act my ſelf like Jove,
I'd put a *Body* on, and ſeek thy Love.

But

Ah! that I could but put a *Body* on,
But *ugly* mine is made—and I'm undone!
Tho' *golden Show'rs* are things, that you diſdain,
Yet, for thy ſake, I'd come in *golden Rain*:
But ah! my niggard Stars, to wound me home,
Gave me, without the Wit, the Poet's doom.

Ought I in Prudence, all at once to name
Such Faults—which now a days are counted Shame?
Yes, I am proud to own 'em all to you,
Happy and *Rich* in this illuſtrous View.
You call'd me Friend, and I'll be ever true;
Now tell me, If my Verſe can pleaſing make,
This Form, which I am forc'd, not pleas'd to take?
Tell me, no wealthy *Beau* thy Love ſhall gain,
That thou'lt behold the *Triſle* with diſdain;

Not.

Not ſo, thou'lt ſay—Thou'lt ſay, thy Soul is ioin'd
To humane Clay, which is to Rules confind;
And I muſt chide my Stars, that 'tis not kind.
——Still let me, like a Lover made of Air,
Offer thy Words, but Offer as my Pray'r,
Yet whatſoever *rigid Forms* attends,
Let us at leaſt——Eternally be Friends.

STREPHON.

TO

Not so, thou'lt fly—Thou'lt fly, thy Soul is join'd
To humane Clay, which is to Rules confin'd;
And I must chide my Stars, that 'tis not kind.
——Still let me, like a Lover made of Air,
Offer thy Words, but Offer as my Pray'r,
Yet what loever rigid Power attends,
Let us at least——Eternally be Friends.

TO

STREPHON

IN

ANSWER

To both his Admirable LETTERS *of his* ILLNESS *and* PLATONICK LOVE.

I Wonder not at what thy Verſe performs
I know its Pow'r and underſtand its Charms,
The Storms grow gentle, and its Sound obeys,
And even *Thunder* Softens at thy *Lays*.

Angels

Angels themſelves, from their own Heav'ns deſcend,
They hear, and wonder; and become thy Friend,
Not all the *Sweeteſt* Inſtruments combin'd,
The ſofteſt *Lute*, and ſprightly *Viol* join'd,
Nor DAVID's Harp, like thee, can raiſe the mind,
My Soul which is of tend'reſt *Atoms* form'd,
Is as the Poet pleaſes *Chill'd* or *warm'd*,
The warring Skies receiv'd thy pray'rs that Night,
For all my Spirits were Refin'd and light.
The *haggard Spleen*, was driven from my Breaſt,
And I with ſmiling Chearfulneſs was Bleſt,
Tho' Nature ſeem'd, as if ſhe dying lay,
And trembled with the laſt Tremendous Day,
Yet fearleſs I the angry Clouds Survey'd,
Thy friendly wiſhes haſted to my aid,
A ſweet Compoſure on my Eye-lids fell,
And all things in my Tranquil Soul were well.

But

But e'er I ſlept, I offer'd up my Pray'r,
That Heav'n my *Poet*, and my *Friend* wou'd ſpare,
For he was worthy of its utmoſt Care.
Oh! let the *dull*, ſays I, from hence Remove,
Who know not how to *Sing*, nor how to *Love*,
But with my Praiſes I ſhou'd *Chidings* join,
Thy Body is inform'd of our Deſign.
Did I not tell thee it a Share wou'd claim,
And ſtrive to damp our everlaſting Flame,
And CLIO has a Rival now I find,
Who knows the ſofteſt Secrets of thy Mind,
Thou art not an Intire Angel yet,
But haſt a little of the Serpent's Wit,
A Day will come, thou will't be all Refin'd,
Thy Body as Immortal as thy Mind,
Then near thy heav'nly *Form* my Soul ſhall ſtay,
And paſs with thee the never-ending Day,

A little longer, tedious Life will End,
And we like Stars together ſhall aſcend:
Or ſhou'd I loſe thee in the Shining Throng,
I ſoon ſhould find thee, by thy deathleſs Song.
Sure a *peculiar Brightneſs* thou wilt wear,
From all the ſparkling Crowd of Poets there;
Sing on and Shorten Life's Inſipid race,
I long to meet thee in a Nobler Place,
Where Spirits of our Ranks appear in State,
And thoſe of lower merit humbly wait.
I fear you will this haughty Notion chide,
And think it taſtes too much of Earthly Pride,
Thy Manly Breaſt, with brighter Virtues fir'd,
Will ſcorn a thought Ambition has Inſpir'd,
Oh! guide me, to my weakneſs be a Friend,
And learn my trembling *Pinions* to aſcend,
The *World* and *Youth*, and *Flattery* purſue,
But I ſhall conquer if Inform'd by you.

Shew

Show me the Dangers that lye Scatter'd round,
And lead me Safe thro' the Inchanted Ground,
But ceaſe to think thy Noble mind undone,
Tho' Nature put thy Body looſely on.
If 'tis unworthy of the brighter Gueſt,
Which warms thy *Verſe*, and ſparkles in thy *Breaſt*,
I can forgive thy uningaging *Clay*,
Suppoſe it even what thy Numbers ſay,
Happy art thou from vain Addreſs ſecur'd,
And all the Pains poor CLIO has indur'd;
The praiſe of Fools, which ſtill has been my Fate,
Which I avoid, and of all Torments hate.
Left to *the World*, to *Solitude* I ran,
To dreſs my *infant Mind*, and reſt from Man;
In Letters now and then, they will appear,
And in that Form I can indure them here.
But thine has all my ſofteſt Moments ſhar'd,
And to my grateful Boſom ſtill preferr'd,

Increaſe my Number; I ſhall never tire,
With reading what thy Paſſion does Inſpire.
What would'ſt thou more? Thy Numbers I approve,
I like my ſelf —— and give thee leave to Love;
But oh! increaſing *Mortal* as thou art,
Let ſtill thy Spirit have the greateſt part:
You may admire me, all the Ways you can,
Give me the Lover; but keep back the Man:
Yet even him perhaps my Eyes cou'd bear,
Becauſe thy Soul (which is my Friend) lives there.
Let CLIO ſtill her *Empire* there maintain,
Sweet are her Laws, and gentle is her *Reign*,
She ſhall not Tyrannize, nor thou complain.
I juſt again have read thy Letters o'er,
And therefore can Indure my own no more,
From whence does all thy ſoft Expreſſions come,
Sure not from *Love*, for *Love* you know is dumb,

But ſuch a Paſſion may I never prove,
Give me a *ſpeaking* and a *writing* Love,
One that can with ſuch Eloquence perſwade,
And juſtify the Kindneſs of a Maid.

CLIO.

But such a Fashion may I never prove,
Give me a speaking and a moving Love,
One that can with such Eloquence perswade,
And justify the Kindness of a Maid.

CLIO.

TO CLIO

Of whose recovery STREPHON *was just then Inform'd, wherein he tells her of his* LOVE.

IN this small time, so great my Passion's grown,
It leaves no Minute of my *time* my own;
My softest *Thoughts* on CLIO's Lines Employ'd,
Still find out somewhat new to be Enjoy'd:
Over and over I thy Verses read,
Still *Sick'ning* with a Flame, which still I *feed*,

So Parch'd in *Feavers* drowthy Wretches lye,
And drink they will, tho', when they drink, they dye.

As sleepless Men for fatal Opiates long,
And future *Griefs* for present *Ease* prolong,
So, when I read, two Passions I sustain,
'Tis always *Pleasure*, but 'tis always *Pain*;
When now I recollect thy Thoughts divine,
I wish my Soul as purify'd as thine;
Yet heav'nly Thoughts, that humane Passions move,
Tempt me to venture, and reveal my Love:
Dropping the Spirit I'd the Man commend,
Fain wou'd I please but shudder to offend.
Pleas'd with the Images of Thought at least,
I *nurse* and *fondle* them within my Breast:
Then with the borrow'd Wings of Love I fly,
To that *green Bow'r*, where CLIO us'd to lye,
And make Imagination be my Eye.

By *Fancy's* Force, I ſee my Lovely Maid,
Reclin'd, and Sleeping on her Graſſy Bed;
Gently I breathe amidſt the gladden'd *Air*,
That plays among the Lab'rinths of her *hair*,
And bid it ſoftly Whiſper in her Ear:
Oh! wake not——only dream that STREPHON's here.
Then from thy bluſhing Lips, a Kiſs I ſteal,
And beg of the next Balmy *Vital Gale*,
Which to thy panting breaſts thy *lungs* Exhale,
To carry to thy heart a *tide* of heat,
And teach thy pulſe the *March* of Love to beat.
But *Speechleſs*, *Motionleſs*, the fair one lies,
Sleep ſeals her Fancy, as it ſeals her Eyes.
That *ſilence* in her ſleep deſtroys my Peace,
As *Speaking* did before, but *diff'rent* ways.
Oh! that ſhe ne'er had ſpoke, or ne'er would ceaſe!
Ah then (Cry I) ſhe *dreams not*, lovely Dame!
She *Sleeps*—Tis *I*, tho' *broad awake*, that *Dream*.

Oh!

Oh! that my CLIO did but dream so too!
What now is only *Thought* would soon be true.

This said, I just was Yielding to despair,
But thy last Letter dissipated care,
There, There you say——my Numbers you approve,
You like yourself——And give me leave to Love,
Leave?——O ye CUPIDS bear the *tidings* high,
As the bright Orb that circles roun'd the Sky,
To distant Worlds my plighted Love proclaim,
To distant Nations her dear Accents name,
She gives me Leave——O Sound those words again,
And sound them 'till the Lovely Maid I gain.

STREPHON.

TO

TO STREPHON.

My FRIEND,

DULL Buſineſs that came as unexpected as it was unwelcome, call'd me from home, for two or three days, and has fatigued me extreamly. At my Return I was repay'd with your ingaging Letters; but at the ſame time I Receiv'd one from an only Brother in *Spain*, in which he Invites me thither. The Paſſionate Deſire I have to ſee him after Seven Years Abſence, will I fear, perſwade me to venture; yet I aſſure you there is nothing belonging to my Native Country, (where we both intended ſhortly to return) I ſhould grieve to leave more,

more, than your tender Correſpondence which affords me ſo much Pleaſure: But I muſt (ſhould I go) entreat a Contrivance of it: it will help to make a foreign Climate pleaſant to me, and I ſhall take thoſe Lines you already favour'd me with, as ſome of the moſt valuable things I have. I believe it will be ſome Months yet e'er I go; therefore let me in them hear from you very often; and do all you can to perſwade me, that my Memory ſhall not dye with you in my Abſence, which perhaps may be two or three Years. I go to a Brother, who is much dearer to me than myſelf; whoſe Abſence has been one of my greateſt Shocks in Life; and help'd with the Murder of the beſt Father in the world, to ſpoil my Little Genius. I wiſh, my Friend, you could ſee this dear Relation of mine, who, I muſt ſay, is the moſt perfect of his Kind; a fine Perſon with fine Senſe, and the greateſt good Nature. But then you would ſay CLIO did not deſerve your notice: However ſhe is Ever, and Ever will be,

Your moſt Faithful

Obliged Friend,

CLIO.

TO

TO

CLIO,

Who just after she tells me she gives me leave to LOVE, *which she Expresses in the finest of* VERSES; *tells me in a* LETTER *just after that she's going to a Brother in* Spain.

I'VE heard of Merchants lost by Fortune's spight,
And Mem'ry now presents them to my Sight,
——Ay, there's the Coast——methinks they smile to see,
Th' indulgent *Surface* of yon *curling* Sea,

The

The gentle Winds, with their Propitious *Gales*,
Just to their Wish inspiring all the *Sails*,
Of Ships rich Laden, which had long been toss't
In *Boist'rous Storms*, and given o'er for lost.
Their Shouts run Ecchoing round the hollow Shore,
Each thinks he hugs his Bags of INDIAN *Oar*;
Blesses his Stars, and cries, that Fortune's Hand,
Their Wealth Insur'd, and brought their Ships to Land.
But Fortune's various *Goddess* cry'd——not so——
And bad the *blustring* God of *Winds* to Blow,
Obedient ÆOLUS unlocks his Caves,
Sends Winds to *drive* the Ships, and *fret* the Waves,
This way and that impell'd, the Billows roar,
And bear them in a Moment far from Shore;
In vain they Murmur, and in vain they Pray,
The louder Storms drown all they have to Say;

——Deaf

Deaf are the *Seas* to their unpity'd Cries,
Winds upon *Winds*, and *Waves* on *Waves* arise,
And hide the Sinking Ships from weeping Eyes.

How Nat'ral 'tis to feel a Wretch his Moan,
When ſmall Reflection makes the Caſe one's own?

Richer were I, than thoſe that ſhare the *Eaſt*,
If thy ſoft Form my claſping Arms Poſſeſt,
On Seas of *Troubles* has my Mind been toſt,
Long ſought, thro' Riſques of being ever loſt,
Thy Arms its *Harbour*, and thy Smiles its *Coaſt*,
Sometimes in *Hope*, but oft'ner in *Deſpair*,
'Till you at length inclin'd to hear my Pray'r.

Juſt as to home-row'd Barks, th' increaſing *ſhores*,
Jett forth, and ſeem to meet the lab'ring Oars,
So tow'rds thy Boſom did I ſwiftly ſteer,
The way ſeem'd ſhorten'd, and the Sky was clear;

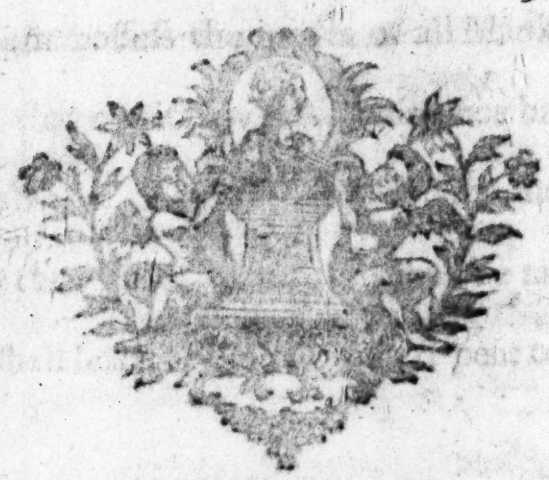
You

You ſeem'd approaching——Nature's ſelf was gay,
And I ſerener than a Summer's Day;
But deſtiny's *Black Clouds* ſtill lurk'd behind,
My Stars grew *Cruel*, juſt as you grew *kind*,
Me! fruſtrate Hopes convey's to *Dennis Plain*,
And Fortune ſnatches thee away to *Spain*.

Yet Hear my CLIO, thy beſt Friend adviſe;
[Tho' thy Friends Counſel melts thy Lover's Eyes]
Since thou haſt got an only *Brother* there,
Wiſe like his *Siſter*, like his *Siſter* fair,
Since he has ſole Poſſeſſion of thy Mind,
Which might poſſeſs the hearts of all Mankind,
Might all, that can its lov'd Acquaintance boaſt,
Render its Slaves, but STREPHON ſtill the moſt,
Go——yes thou ſhalt——my hand ſhall be my Foe,
My hand ſhall lead thee, ſince thou'rt bent to go,

And if baſe Fortune were leſs harſh to me,
I'd the *Companion* of that *Voyage* be.
But as to Fortune in this Earthly State,
My Name's writ backward in the Books of Fate;
Go——ſhare the Pleaſures of a Brother's Breaſt,
And leave a Lover void of *Joy* and *Reſt*,
For me no matter——CLIO will be Bleſt.
To ſome dark lonely Cave I can retire,
Weep away Life, and with a Groan Expire.

STREPHON.



IN

ANSWER

To two LETTERS STREPHON *ſends me; in one he tells me his Paſſion is increas'd, in the other adviſes me to go to* Spain.

I'M loſt in Thought—which I ſhould moſt Commend,
The *Lover*, the *Philoſopher*, or *Friend*,
They all Delight ſo much, they all ſo high Aſcend.
Rarely thoſe Titles do ſo well agree,
The pleaſing *Wonder* is all new to me,
A Thouſand diff'rent Virtues ſhine in thee.

My Friendſhip you deſerve ſo many ways,
Thy tender Paſſion, and Inchanting Lays,
Inſpire my grateful *Song*, to chaunt thy *Praiſe*,
Preferring CLIOS Int'reſt to thy own,
Is ſuch a Compliment I have not known.
Thy kind Philoſophy I do approve,
Nor think thy *Offer* an Affront to Love,
For I by common Methods never move.
Yes, I will go——you further my Deſign,
My Soul grows ſtrong, while it communes with *thine*:
For *Friend*, nor *Country* will I much repine,
Stay but a while, I'm ready to attend,
Thy gen'rous *Arm*, and faithful *Counſel* lend,
This little *Bark*; oh! teach me how to guide,
Far from the Rocks of *Levity* or *Pride*,
For oh! I go, where I muſt think to find,
Things of thy Form, without thy God-like mind,

The

The lively Youth upon my *Temples* plays,
Tho' I to banish it, have had Allays,
Which if I had but Courage to repeat,
Thy tears wou'd flow, and hapless CLIO's meet.
A *Murder'd Father*, Nature here Expires
Faint on the Rack, and drops its softest Fires,
For ever does the Prospect fresh appear,
And while I write, *Blood* Crimsons ev'ry *Tear*,
Oh! has thy manly Heart-strings e'er been try'd,
Has Sorrow dragg'd them *hard* on ev'ry *side?*
Has no *kind Thought* presented to Revive
The breaking Springs of Life, and keep thy hope alive?
Has e'er thy lagging Veins forgot to move,
Been dead to *Musick*, *Wine*, and *gentle Love*?
Oh! say, hast thou sustain'd this deadly Woe,
Our equal Souls shall then acquainted grow,

And ſure thou haſt ſome mighty *Sorrow* known,
Some bitter Draught has in thy Cup been thrown,
'Tis by thy Numbers fraught with *Sadneſs* ſhown.
Sweet Melancholy in thy Verſe appears,
But oh! how Graceful are her charming Tears.
Thoſe *Sighs* that mingle with her *Moving* words,
Thoſe *tuneful Stops*, a harmony affords;
But yet be ſtill, in happy ſilence reſt,
Nor let my Parting pain your gen'rous Breaſt,
Ceaſe to remember CLIO, and be Bleſt.
Let *partial Fate* be cruel to thy Name,
Since it is written, in the *Book* of *Fame*,
To whatſoever Nation I'm convey'd
My Poet ſhall be ſtill Immortal made,
I will thy *Merit* and thy *Lays* Rehearſe,
And charm the witty *Spaniard* with thy Verſe,
Tho' skill'd in Love, they humbly ſhall ſubmit,
To thy ſuperiour *Tenderneſs* and *Wit*,

Spain

Spain shall not still her Noble Lovers boast,
Nor always triumph o'er our *frozen Coast*;
Far from the *Sun*, the Lord of sprightly Fires,
BRITANNIA lyes; but she has soft Desires,
The God of Love flies here with slower Wing,
But yet her *Martial Sons* can *Love* and *Sing*,
For here the *Bay*, the *Laurel*, and the *Myrtles* spring.
Thy Numbers are so *tender* and so *bright*,
They shall appear, and do thy Nation Right,
But while on *Fancy's* Wing I fly to *Spain*,
A mournful Thought recalls me back again,
Thou wil't thy absent CLIO's Eyes forget,
But I mistake, Thou hast not seen them yet,
Soon all thy soft *Ideas* thou wilt lose,
That fir'd thy *Soul*, and animates thy *Muse*:
The Wheel of Fortune may its Humour show,
And often Turning round may cast thee Low.

Wilt thou Remember absent C L I O then,
And know the *Picture* of her Soul again,
Which she has sent thee Painted with her *Pen.*
I hear thy Sighing Heart affirm it will,
My Pain is Lost, and all my Fears are still,
Oh! what shall I return thy soft regard,
Be Everlasting Friendship thy Reward,
Such as thy Soul so ardently demands,
Whose truest Value STREPHON understands.

CLIO.

ON THE

Following LINES

IN

CLIO'S LETTER.

I'M loſt in *Thought* which I ſhould moſt Commend,

The *Lover*, the *Philoſopher* or *Friend.*

Preferring CLIO's Int'reſt to thy own,

Is ſuch a Compliment I have not known,

Thy kind *Philoſophy* I do approve,

Nor think thy Offer an Affront to Love.

For I by Common Methods never move,

Yes I will go——You further my Deſign *&c.*

——In

——— In happy Silence reſt,
Nor let my Parting pain your gen'rous Breaſt,
Ceaſe to Remember CLIO, and be Bleſt.

STREPHON's *Complaint Continued.*

THEN (Cruel!) you will go! you will! you ſay,
And art-ful *Blames* upon my *Counſel* lay,
As if that *drove*, nay *poſted* you away,

Judge, Judge ye Heav'ns, oh! Lend an equal Ear,
Hear this Evading, this upbraiding Fair:
What? if one Moment from my Love I ſtole,
And gave cold Friendſhip leave to ſway my Soul,

If,

If, out of Season *wise*, and dully *good*,
My *Judgment* Counsell'd, what my *Will* withstood;
Should she, unfairly witty, take that part,
And play my Erring Head against my Heart?
Soon, and too true my Prophecy will prove
That on my *Ruin* she'll her *Sense* Improve,
Her Wit I find's an Enemy to Love.
Talk then no more to me of *Fame* and *Bays*,
Nor freeze my Mind with chilly Friendship's Praise;
They're *Gugaws* to the Love at which I aim,
You gave me leave, and I the Licence claim.
Preach not up strain'd Philosophy to me,
Thou little SOPHISTER in Poetry,
That in false Arguments dost boast an Art,
And mak'st a very *Play-thing* of my Heart:
In Love, not witty let us be, but true,
That's *Death* to me, that is a *Jest* to you.

Yet

Yet let thy Conſcience liſten if it can,
And own the *Changing Maid* and *Conſtant Man*,
That did I bid thee go——I do allow,
And as a Friend, perhaps ſhould do it now,
But as a Lover in the foll'wing Lines,
How do I *grudge* what *Amity* reſigns?
Did you not plainly by broad Hints perceive,
That, when I ſaid I'd come to take my Leave,
I meant I'd come to beg a kind Reprieve.
Don't I there tell thee, if we were to part,
'Twould burſt the *vital ſtrings* that hold my Heart?
That I muſt to ſome lonely Cave retire,
Weep life away, and with a Groan expire!
All this you read, you knew; and was it kind,
To ſay you'd go and leave your *Swain* Behind!
Her farewel Words (poor STRAPHON) thou muſt hear,
Be ſteel'd to Grief, which thou art doom'd to bear,

Parting

Parting ſhe ſays——In happy Silence reſt,
Nor let my Parting pain your gen'rous Breaſt,
Ceaſe to Remember CLIO, and be Bleſt:
What is this leſs, than if ſhe was to ſay,
Speaking her *Colour'd words* a plainer way,
I'l puſh thee *pale* and *dying* from my Breaſt,
And tell thee Smiling——In the Grave there's Reſt.

Thus ſtill Complains thy

STREPHON.

TO

TO *STREPHON.*

LET CLIO thy complaining Heart appeaſe,
The Hand that wounded, ſhall reſtore thy Eaſe;
Receive it STREPHON from my grateful Pen,
Lift up thy *Head*, and ſhine in *Verſe* again,
CLIO! a *deathleſs Friendſhip* ſtill retains,
A *Wonder* and a *Paſſion* for thy Strains,
Sweet is the Harmony thy Verſe affords,
As falling *Rivulets*, or as *warbling Birds*,

The

The Morning *Larke*, and Ev'ning *Nightingale*,
Are hoarſe to thee—Renew the pleaſing *Tale*,
I! who am plac'd ſo far in Senſe below,
In fainter Notes my Gratitude will ſhow;
But where the *Beauties* of the *Numbers* fail,
Thy Love ſhall ſtoop to raiſe me, and prevail.
Thou haſt a Fondneſs for my little Senſe,
'Tis all that I can plead in its Defence,
Oh! had I not a Friend within thy Breaſt,
How wou'd my artleſs Song endure the Teſt!
The gentle Lover I muſt ſtill retain,
Or ne'er appear, in Poetry again.
'Tis neceſſary you ſhould Love me ſtill,
And my Prophetick Heart divines, you will:
But give me leave to tell you, in what way,
Hard is the Task, but STREPHON will obey;
Be all thy Wiſhes temperate and cool,
But STREPHON whiſpers, who can Love by Rule?

CLIO

CLIO can to that *Miracle* pretend,
And knows to *Practice*, what she does *Commend*,
In happy Order, all my *Passions* move,
For CLIO's a *Philosopher* in Love,
Where *Love*, and *Form*, and *Fortune* have conspir'd,
To make the Charming Orator admir'd;
When *dying Eyes* and *Vows* of *ardent Truth*,
Have been address't to my *Defenceless Youth*,
And I my self a kind of Pleasure found,
For Vanity has gladen'd at the Sound,
Ev'n then I fled from the Inchanted Ground;
Let me not boast too far: I feel a Pain,
In going, and a Wish to turn again;
So much of Folly has my Bosom known,
But steel'd with time, it is a *Stoick* grown.
Lovers, and *Friends*, those only Joys below,
If I thy CLIO's Inclinations know,
And dying Youth its self, she could forego,

Half of my Sands are Ebb'd, what do remain,
Fall when they will, are ſcarcely worth my pain,
But when the ſolitary laſt appears,
And CLIO's few dear Friends, are bath'd in Tears,
It will her Laſt, and only Glory be,
That once her Name was *Lov'd*, and *Sung* by Thee.

CLIO.

AN

ANSWER

TO

CLIO'S last LETTER,

Where to heal my Complaints, she offers me Friendship instead of Love, and on a Report that CLIO *(when she gave me leave to Love) was Married at that very time, or actually very near it.*

WHEN from a *Youth* some *haughty fair one* flies,
Long, with obdurate Pride, his Court denies,
Love-sick at length upon his Bed he lies.

In vain *Learn'd* Doctors *trifle* with his *Heart*,
Their *Druggs* he *baffles*, and *disowns* their *Art*:
His *Vitals ling'ring* with the *Hidden* blow,
He *drops* a *Wonder* to the *Shades* below:
But, *timely* if *she* Comes, that *Caus'd* his *pain*,
As much a *Wonder*, from his Bed the *Swain*
Springs to *her Arms*, and *he* is *well* again.
In thy last Letter, *thou* prescrib'st with *Art*,
And only *Play'st* the *Skilful Doctor's* part.
Thou say'st thoul't my *Complaining* heart *appease*
Thy hand that *wounded* should *restore* my *Ease*
Not so——*Not so*—*Two* Pow'rful hands you boast,
Each hand can *make*——*One* only *Raise* a *Ghost*.
Alternate thro' thy soft Epistles move
The *Hand* of *Friendship*, and the *Hand* of *Love*;
And when *this* wounds, *that* can't the wound Remove.
Why then, when I the *Wounds* of *Love* endure,
Does——*Friendship's Hand* administer the *Cure*?

You'd have each *wish* be *temperate* and *cool*,
Boast that You can, and bid ME *Love* by *Rule*.
Can *Warmth* and *Coldness* in *one* breast *Agree?*
In You I find they *can*, but *not* in ME.
One Swain, while I thy *cooler Friendship* prove
Basks in the *Warmer Sunshine* of thy *Love*.
Yet where's the need to Treat me with disdain,
Thy slave Insulting whilst he drags thy Chain?
Tell me (Proud Victor) why this fresh surprize?
Why am I told of Vows and dying Eyes?
Of ardent Love by some soft Swain profess't,
That rais'd a *Painful pleasure* in *thy* Breast?
It was to say (Is that *my Pleasing Pain!*)
She, that so Lov'd, could never Love again;
That *Kind* to *others*, to *my Self* alone
Her furnish'd Bosom is a *Stoick* grown.

Artful Enſlaver of my *Freeborn* mind,
Yet, in *one* thing, I'll own thy *Art* was *Kind.*
Thou wouldſt not daſh me from the Top of all
My lifted hopes, but mollify'd the fall.
Full well you know, I thought your Breaſt my own,
There ſat my Heart ſecure as on its Throne.
Your *Changing thoughts*, that were my *hidden foes*,
Would not too *quick* their *Promis'd heir* depoſe,
But the *ſad Secret* they *by halves* diſcloſe.
You, like ſome *Subtle Miniſter* of *State*,
To make me *Little*, as you made me *Great*,
Drew me by *ſlow degrees* to *abdicate.*

Thou ſaid'ſt thy *Int'reſt* call'd thee croſs the Main
And a *Lov'd Brother* courted thee to SPAIN.
I *innocently* Sacrific'd my Reſt;
Happy in *this* alone that *thou'dſt* be Bleſt:

Too

Too true I did *intreat* thee to be *gone*,
And ſimply unawares my ſelf *Dethrone*:
But you much conſcious of ſome Inward guilt,
Knowing thy STREPHON's Blood muſt ſure be ſpilt,
To feed my Sorrows, and make death prevail
Told of thy Murder'd Sire a doleful Tale.
Then *Craſty* ask'd If *I* could undergo
Some *heavy weight* of vaſt *Impending Woe*
And ſo *Prepar'd* me for the *coming* blow.
Thou hint'ſt at length to finiſh thy deſign,
Love was *another's* ſhare, and *Death* is *mine*,
This *kinder* from *another's* mouth had came,
And not from *thine*, that *Rais'd* the *fatal* flame
You, of *all* Nymphs, might this *ſad Story* ſpare
To hapleſs, faithful STREPHON's Trembling Ear.
Ill news has many feet, and comes too ſoon,
And it has brought me word that I'm undone.

If what I've heard (OCLIO) ſhould be true,
ME have the Fates ſtrove *Rightly* to undo,
And *Wit* was moſt *Severely* plac'd in YOU.
I've heard (I wiſh I had not Ears to hear,
Or elſe more Patience, what I've heard, to bear:)
I've heard, by Heav'ns! I have ſome ſtrong Report,
You *Wedded*, when you gave *me* leave to *Court*.
You *did not*, *could not*, 'tis *adult'rate* News,
Credit I *did*, and I do *ſtill* refuſe;
Bright was the *Dame*, that did thoſe Tidings bear,
And if *Maids* can be *falſe*, that are *ſo fair*,
There *may'nt*—*Yes!*——*may* be room for my deſpair.
Was *this* thy *Friendly Parting* from thy Swain?
Was *this* the *Voyage* you would make to SPAIN?
Was it for *ſuch* an *abſence* STREPHON mourn'd?
And is thy *Brother* to a *Husband* turn'd?
If it be *true*, dear *Blaſter* of my Youth,
Tho' you muſt *Bluſh*, yet *own* the Stabbing *truth*:

For

For ſhould I live, perhaps, another Day,
I ſomewhat *harſh* of thy *Dear* Name might ſay,
Strike *Dumb* that *Madneſs*; and, to lay me Dead,
Tell me ſome happy Swain enjoys thy Bed:
Priding in Truth, I'll my laſt hours employ,
Smile in the Pangs of Death, and wiſh thee Joy.

STREPHON.

CLIO

For ſhould I live, perhaps, another Day,
I ſomewhat back of thy Dear Name might ſay,
Strike Dumb that Meadow; and, to Joy me Dead,
Tell me ſome happy Swain enjoys thy Bed:
Priding in Truth, I'll my laſt hours employ,
Smile in the Pangs of Death, and with thee Joy.

STREPHON.

CLIO

CLIO TO STREPHON

Having ſent me Twenty Proſe Letters to excuſe that Sally of Paſſion, into which he burſts forth in his laſt Letter of Verſes, upon a falſe Report that a Lady gave out, of my being Marry'd.

Sunday *Night juſt going to Bed.*

I Am but this Moment return'd from PARIS, after a long Abſence from this my Delightful Retirement; and haſte to Aſſure you, how *agreeable* your *Penitence* is to me, and that I *forgive* you with *more Pleaſure* than I *Puniſh'd* you. For 'twas with the *utmoſt Reluctancy* I *loſt* your *Commerce.* It was the *greateſt Liberty* I ever *allow'd* myſelf in

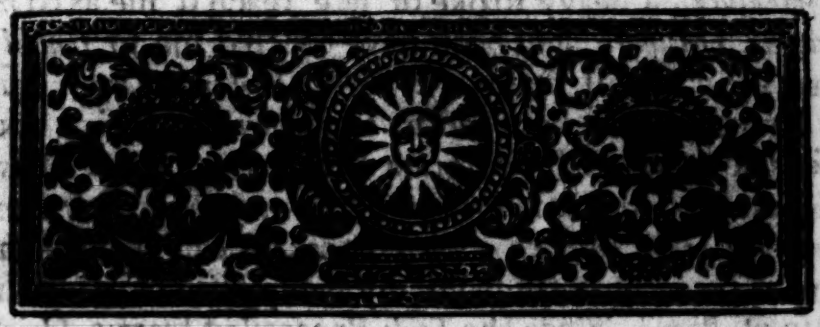
in Life; but even *that*, you ſee, I could *Reſign*, when it grew *Inconvenient*. I again *Indulge* my Heart with *your* Letters, while *they* continue *ſo Innocent* and *Engaging*. Your *Honour* and your *Senſe* will always hereafter regulate them *fit* for the *Taſte* of CLIO, and then ſhe will think *no more* of that *little ſlight* of *Paſſion*, in which *Wit* had the leaſt ſhare, and even *Love itſelf* is not *Inſpiring* without *it*. I wiſh, not your *Paſſion* for me (gentle STREPHON) ſo *Great* as your *Genius*, nor do I find any *Tyrannical Pleaſure* either in your *Adoration* or your *Illneſs*. I intreat *it* may never *Injure* your *Health*, which is of *much Value* to me. Let me imagine *that part* of your Letter a *Well-bred Fiction*——*My Repoſe requires it*. For *I* ſhould be *truly Uneaſy* to give *you* one *real pain*——*Live* and *Refine* the *World*——be *Gay* and *favour* CLIO with *your Remembrance*——as the *greateſt Compliment* you *can* pay *me*, *ſend* me an *Expreſs* of *your Recovery*. I wiſh for *Nothing more*, and take it very *Ill*, you would *Pretend* to *dye* without *my Leave*, which I can *never* Grant *you*, while *you* Love me in *ſuch* a *Reſpectful manner*. *Every Happineſs* attend *you*, I think you *ought* to *Eſteem* this a *very High one*, that I *once More aſſure you*, tho' after ſo much Hurry and being in haſte to go to Bed,

That I am ſtill

Your faithful Friend,

CLIO.

STRE-



Paris, Monday *Four of Clock in the Afternoon; Sick in Bed.*

STREPHON

TO

CLIO.

ASK me not, CLIO, If I'm *well* or *Ill*,
If ſtill you ask me, I muſt Anſwer ſtill
Well, if *you pleaſe*, and *Dying*, if *you will.*

STREPHON.

P. S. No

P. S. No Evil comes ſingle; Juſt as I incurr'd *your diſpleaſure*, a heavy ſtroke of fate reach'd me as to *my private fortunes*, and both have touch'd me ſo *ſenſibly*, that I fear I ſhall really *dye* with a *broken Heart*. But, if I might have, once more, the Leave of ſeeing you, (for the former till you grant a freſh one, I *fear* I have *Forfeited* by being *indiſcreetly Extravagant* in my *Love* and *my fears* of *Loſing you*) I think I can promiſe my ſelf a *Recovery* both from my *indiſpoſition* of *mind* and alſo of *Body*. Since the *fault* Proceeded from a *Height* of *Kindneſs*, you will, to ſpeak in the moſt Religious terms of the Country we are in, be *kind enough* to grant the *Penitent Lover* a *Plenary Indulgence* and *Abſolution*, under *your own Hand*. But let it be in *Verſe*, for, to uſe your own Beautiful Expreſſion, *Verſe* is *Healing* to the Mind.

Oh! Then the Sacred Remedy Apply,
And pleas'd I'll Live, if not, with Pleaſure dye.

STREPHON.

CLIO

C L I O

TO

S T R E P H O N.

SOULS, that by *mind* and *Genius* are ally'd,
By *Sympathy* and *Inclinations* ty'd,
For *one another* mourn——*forgive my Pride.*

Still Live, and Living Sing to Keep my Fame,
For time and Years will Murder CLIO's Name;

Unleſs

Unleſs thy Verſe their woundings countermand,
And I be ſav'd by thy Superiour hand.
Not SACHARISSA had Immortal prov'd,
If WALLER had not Sung, and had not Lov'd;
Thoſe *Eyes*, which *aw'd* the *World*, are *Sunk* and *Dead*,
But *glitter freſh*, when his *bright Lines* are *Read*.
No *Charms* of Beauty *Everlaſting* prove,
Unleſs *Embalm'd* with *Poetry* and *Love*.
We ſee the *Luſtre* of the NUT BROWN MAID
In CHAUCER's Numbers to our Eyes convey'd;
And *new adorn'd* by our excelling PRY'R,
She ſhines upon us with *Redoubled* fire.
Such are theſe Eyes of mine——for STREPHON's Song
Is *Sweet* as *theirs*, as *arduous*, and as *ſtrong*,
Can make *mine Equal*, and *Preſerve* as *Long*.
Let *others* gueſs *my Merit* by *thy ſtrain*,
I ask *no* more——then CLIO will be *vain*.

I *grieve*

I *grieve* that *aught* ſhould *wound* that *gentle* mind
To *me* ſo *pleaſing*, to *my Muſe* ſo *kind*,
Whoſe ſoft Diſcourſes have delightful made
This *Corner* of the *World*, and *Bleſt* my *Shade*.
But ſing again, and all thy *Strength* oppoſe
To *rigid Fortune*, and her *Weighty Blows*,
Nor talk of *Dying* thus——for *that* would be
A *Loſs* to *all Mankind*, a *Wrong* to *me*:
If CLIO, o'er thy Soul a *Right* may boaſt,
In this *Important thing* obey her *moſt*,
And, when thy *Sorrows* will *afford* thee *Leave*,
Stray *hither*, that *we* may *together Grieve*.

From the Plain of St. Dennis. CLIO.

I grieve that aught should wound that gentle mind
To me so pleasing, to my Muse so kind,
Whose soft Discourses have delightful made
This Corner of the World, and Blest my Shade.
But sing again, and all thy Strength oppose
To rigid Fortune, and her Weighty Blows,
Nor talk of Dying thus—for that would be
A Less to all Mankind, a Wrong to me:
If CLIO, o'er thy Soul's Right may boast,
In this Important thing obey her most,
And, when thy Sorrows will afford thee Leave,
Stray hither, that we may together Grieve.

Dom the Plain
of St. Denis.

CLIO.

STREPHON TO CLIO.

YOUR laſt Letter was indeed a Cordial to my hopes——I am very much Recover'd and Reviv'd, but my Genius ſtill retains too great a damp upon it from my Afflictions to be able to Anſwer you in Verſe———Before it can be brighten'd up again, I muſt derive a new Inſpiration from the *Sight* of *you*; THAT indeed, according to the Deſcription which I have often heard of your perſon, and the Idea which I have often conceiv'd of your Diſcourſe, would ſupply the very defect of Nature, and make a Poet of me, if I never had been one before. I long to exceed all the things I could ever yet write my ſelf, by having an *Interview* with you for my Inſpiring Subject.—*Grief* ſhall then be *forgot*, and I will be nothing but *Joy*—*Dullneſs* ſhall then be laid aſide, and I will riſe up even into a kind of *Rapture* and *Laudable*

Enthuſiaſm; Tho' now I can ſcarce write *Proſe* tolerably well (ſo much can Affliction depreſs the Genius of the moſt Lively Man) yet then, when I have that *Interview with you* for *my Subject*, I will *not* only *riſe* above *myſelf*, but alſo *attempt* to *Rival* the *Greateſt Maſters* in the *Art* of *Love* where they *Addreſs Themſelves* to the *Abſolute Miſtreſſes* of *their Hearts*. I think *what* I ſhall *want* in *Genius*, will be *ſo much more* than made up by the *Subject*, that I ſhall not (in that one Poem on our *Interview*,) be *afraid* of being *Compared* with TIBULLUS, CATULLUS, PROPERTIUS, AUSONIUS, or Even the great OVID himſelf, or of being thought a Writer *Inferior* to the *beſt* of them. In the mean time I have ſent you a Poem I wrote about a Year ago, which I intituled *Buckingham-Houſe*; It was alſo put into *Latin*, and written to ſhew ſome *French* Gentlemen that all the *fineſt Palaces* were not *confin'd* to a *ſmall Diſtance* from PARIS. I deſire your Opinion, If I have done ſome Juſtice to that fine Seat. I will ſpeedily wait on you (ſince I have your Leave again) to know your Sentiments concerning it from your own Mouth——I am, my beſt Friend, and my Deareſt Phyſician,

Your Recovering

and Grateful Patient,

STREPHON.

TO

TO STREPHON.

ON HIS

POEM

Intituled BUCKINGHAM HOUSE.

THIS lofty Pile unenvying I ſurvey'd,
Gods plac't above, and Beauties in its Shade,
Till by thy Verſe it was Immortal made.

I only wiſh to be a BUCKINGHAM,
Whilſt you in Deathleſs Numbers Sing his Name.

Nor do's my Heart with ſo much fondneſs beat
For his high Titles, or his Lovely Seat,
As for thy Bays, and ever-flowing Wit.
Thy Fancy can a finer view Create,
And Groves, and Birds, and Streams her Pleaſure wait.
Even the Deities with Tranſport gaze,
And form'd of Marble ſoften at thy Leys.
Then what Impreſſions SHEFFIELD's Soul muſt find!
A *Poet* too, of *thy* own *Noble* kind.
Some fine Idea happily expreſs't
Glows on his Muſe, and marks it from the reſt.
Methinks in *thine* a *Kindred-Grandeur* ſhines
Related to his *Soul*, and to *his Lines*:
Youth will re-animate his chilly Veins,
And wake again at thy inſpiring Strains.
APOLLO ne'er with greater joy Survey'd
The ſhining Turrets riſe, o'er which he play'd,

Than

Than SHEFFIELD the productions of thy mind,
Where Manly ſenſe to Harmony is join'd.

" Joyful, He *cries*, the Age, I leave, will ſee
" A Youth, that knows to ſtrike the Lyre like me.
" Receive the Chaplet which my Temples bound,
" And be thy Muſe with all my Beauties crown'd.
" Not I my ſelf have greater Pow'r to ſave,
" The Poets Bays, or Laurels of the Brave.
" The Architecture, and the Painter's Art,
" Have to the finiſht Structure done their part,
" But oh! thy Muſe, Superiour to the Reſt,
" Its Guardian Angel, Sings its Wonders beſt.
" Theſe Walls by cruel Time may ſuffer wrong,
" And only ſhine in thy Immortal Song:
" Not *Cooper's Hill* ſhall e'er Survive *it's Fame*,
" Nor is *it* Sung with a *Diviner* Flame.

" These *Trees* may Sink, my *Pleasure* and my *Care*
" And SHEFFEILD's Name, which now they *Proudly* bear,
" Be Trod with *Vulgar* Feet and Perish *there*.
" The *Prospect lost*, the *Limes* all *Humble* laid,
" Not all *their Gods* can *guard* their *fav'rite Shade*;
" Some Foreign Prince Savage and unpolite,
" May wound the Grove, beneath whose Shade I write.
" Where are the Branches, once so Sweet and young,
" Where OVID Sigh'd his Flame, and VIRGIL Sung?
" Yet *Time* thy *Verse*, and *all* its *Charms* shall *Spare*,
" And SHEFFEILD's Name shall Bloom for ever *there*.
" PHOEBUS, the God of *Musick* and of *Thought*,
" Shall *guard* the *Wonders*, he *himself* has wrought.
" When his fierce Steeds drive to the Last great Day,
" And o'er the melting Clouds bound swift away;
" When from their gilded Harness they shall fly,
" And bear to Earth the Light'ning of the Sky;

" Then

" Then *Common Verſes*, with *Each Poet's* Name,
" *Expiring* ſhall *aſſiſt* the *mighty* flame:
" *Thine* ſhall *unwounded* be Convey'd *above*
" And *Teach* the *Angels*, how to *Sing* and *Love*.

CLIO.

THE

CLIO.

Plain of St. Dennis.

THE INTERVIEW,

Being in the SPRING, *just after* STREPHON *had been very much afflicted with Illneſs, and ſome Private Diſappointments in* LIFE.

STREPHON to *CLIO.*

O H! CLIO, whilſt before *thy Feet* I *bend*,
Smile, and thy Poet's *Fancy* ſhall aſcend.
Thou canſt drive *Winter* from the *Northern* Coaſt,
Haſten the *Summer*, and unbind the *Froſt*.

See!

See! the *Birds* leave their *Nests* to hear thy Voice,
All *Nature gladdens*, and MY CARES *rejoice.*
The *Gloom* falls off, with which *my Soul* was *preſt*,
And *Love* and *Poetry* Elate my Breaſt.

Oh! *Ev'ry Paſſion* is with *Wonder* fraught,
Life of my *Lays!* and *Goddeſs* of my *Thought!*
VIRGIL and HOMER on *thy* Temples *ſhine*,
Dart me *their* Beauties, whilſt *I gaze* on *thine.*

Ye *ſtudious* Wretches, throw *your Rules* aſide,
Learning creeps *ſlow* to *Fame*; ——a *tedious Guide!*
Truſt me *this Charmer* has a *Nobler Art*,
And makes a *Poet*——When ſhe *Wounds* a *Heart.*

Haſt then ye *Toilers*, and this *Wonder* prove,
To be *Immortal*, you muſt learn to *Love.*
Fame waits upon her, and *aſſur'd Succeſs*
Attends the *Numbers* SHE vouchſafes to *Bleſs.*

O

PRIOR

PRIOR may boaſt the *learned minds* to *move*,
But CLIO brings me *Souls* that know to *Love*.
The Reader's *Eyes* HER *Triumph* ſhall confeſs,
And *overflow* with STREPHON's *Tenderneſs*;
Nor *Age* nor *Dullneſs* can HER *Lover* find,
Whilſt HER Eyes *Wing* his *Blood* and *chear* his *mind*.

The *World* ſhall *wonder* by what *new found* Art.
I *Baffled Death*——'*tis* CLIO *in my Heart*.

Thy Converſe can the *Scene* of Life *Prolong*,
For *liquid Gold* Pours flowing from *thy* Song,
Which *feeds* the *Soul* and *keeps* its *Spirits ſtrong*.
Thou too Immortal by the *Muſes* Care,
Shalt *Shine* in *duſt* and be for *Ever fair*.
Angels ſhall guard *it* and *thy Lover's* Song,
From *vulgar Feet* and ev'ry *common Wrong*.

Ye *Peeviſh Beauties* who but *ſhine* an *hour*,
Envy to *Death* Superiour CLIO's Pow'r;

See *Livid* Malice *Paints* your *Boasted* Cheeks,
Your *Lovers ſhudder*, and the *Mirrour breaks*.
The *Bluſhing* Grape *your* Influence *denies*,
And *only Sparkles* now from CLIO's *Eyes*.
The *Murder'd Fans are all* in Paſſion *torn*,
And *Gods* and *Goddeſſes* Expire *forlorn*,
CLIO Looks down with *Pity* — and — with *Scorn*.
So the the tall *Poplar* views the *Shrubs* below,
Shoots to the *Skies*, whilſt they *Neglected* grow.

Fly from the *Glaſs*, o'er take HER *Noble* Flight,
So ſhall the *Winter* of your *Days* be *bright*.
When *ſhe Reſigns*, your *Triumphs* may *Succeed*,
Thus may *your Lovers* Sing, And STEELE may Read;
He is the TASTER to the *Goddeſs* FAME,
And *Weighs* the *Poet's Senſe*, the *Lover's Flame*.

STREPHON.

THE

THE INTERVIEW.

CLIO TO *STREPHON.*

LOST to the *World*, and *Negligent* of *Fame*,
I lay! till *You* from great APOLLO came,
Waking my Soul to Numbers in his Name.

Rise

Riſe CLIO, Riſe! with tuneful Voice you ſaid,
Leave fond Amuſements, and thy moſſy Bed,
Soar on the *Muſes* Wings, and be Immortal Made.
I Wonder'd, and I trembled at the Sound,
For yet no *Bays* had CLIO's *Temples* Crown'd:
She knew not *Fame*, nor what her *Stars* deſign'd,
Carving her *Thoughts* on ſome *Smooth* Poplar's *Rind*,
To *harmleſs Sonnets*, all her Verſe *Confin'd*.
The *Name* of *Wit* on *Holydays* ſhe bore,
Among the *Swains*, nor *could ſhe* hope for *more*;
A *Wedding Poſie*, or a *Valentine*,
She knew to Write, and *that* ſeem'd *Wondrous fine*.
I dream't not Great APOLLO meant me *more*,
Till *thou* wer't ſent *his* bright *Ambaſſadour*:
Sweet *Poeſy* ſeiz'd *my boſom* at *thy ſight*,
No more, you Cry'd, in *Trifles* take *delight*,
Read *all* the *Summer's* Day, and *all* the *Winter's Night*.

ORINDA's

ORINDA's and ASTRÆA's Thoughts peruſe,
Blending their *Diff'rent* beauties in *thy* Muſe.
Chaſt as ORINDA's let *thy Numbers* flow,
But with ASTRÆA's *Warmth* Inſpire their *Snow*,
And oh, when *Tender Paſſion* is *thy Theme*,
Copy the *Language* then of SAPHO's *flame*,
Paint thou the *Paſſion*,—but, if *that can* be!
Amidſt the *dangers*, keep thy *Boſom free*.

Thus, as you ſpeak, the God of Verſe deſcends
Into my Soul——I loath my duller Friends;
TEA-TABLE Converſations I avoid,
Averſe to *Nonſence*, with their *Scandal* cloy'd,
The *darkſom Groves* ſweet *Solitude* I ſought,
Where *Modeſt Silence* is a *Friend* to *Thought*;
Deſire of FAME *Poſſeſs't* my *Lab'ring* Mind,
I *Sigh'd* and *Read*, 'till *Ev'ry Muſe* grew *kind*:

Smooth-tongu'd Applauſe my *lucky thought* purſued,
And almoſt *Ruin'd* CLIO's *Solitude*;
The *Morning* Wonders that my *Watchful* Eyes
Reſt with the MOON, and yet with PHÆBUS *Riſe*.
I from ORINDA to Great SHAKESPEAR change,
With *Wonder*, and with *Envy*, there I Range;
My Soul all mov'd, I cry, give *Shakeſpear*'s Fame,
Oh! Heav'ns, and when you pleaſe, diſſolve this Frame.
I ask not *Life*, nor *Fortune*, but the *Art*,
As HE does *mine*, to *Touch* the READER's *Heart*;
Let *others* be *content* to *pleaſe* the *Sight*,
Let ME afford *more exquiſite* delight;
The *joy* of *Admiration* I would Prove,
To *ſhort-liv'd Toaſts*, I yield the *God of Love*,
Let ME *hereafter* be with *Tranſport* read,
My Numbers *ſhining*, when *my Eyes* are *Dead*:
Mine's an *Ambition* that nor *Likes*, nor *Needs*
The *gilded Chariot* or the *dapled Steeds*,

How

How dull (my Stars!) was giddy PHAETON?
I would not wiſh the *Chariot* of the *Sun*,
Nor JUNO's Birds, to *bear me* thro' the *Skies*,
But on the Wings of Verſe alone I wiſh to Riſe.

CLIO.

FINIS.

It is hop'd the kind Reader will be ſo Indulgent to the *Editor*, as to Excuſe, and at the ſame time Correct, as he Reads, the *Errata's* which have eſcaped the Preſs through too much haſt.

BRITISH
7 AP 75
MUSEUM

CLIO.

F I N I S